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THE ERIE CENTIPEDES

by Andrew Goobeck

A BOOMER'S DIARY

by James B. Relyea

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In fact, your razor almost has to say Gillette. Because more than 9 out of 10 double-edge guys use Gillette razors.

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If you don't have the blades, you don't have the shave.

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies — Founded 1906

VOL. 96, No. 6, OCTOBER 1974

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David Flowden, 1239 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Central Vermont doubleheader: 2-8-0s 464 and 466 on No. 491 meet extra 472 at Amherst, Mass., in '54.

Compare this recent photo of Overbrook, Pa., station with Ranulph Bye's painting on our front cover.

Bob Storks, 1421 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

FOR INFORMATION on our front cover this month turn to the *Interesting Railfan* article on page 37. ●

AT LEAST five mainline trains are derailing every week in Illinois and thousands of miles of track are beginning to fall apart, yet the Illinois Commerce Commission's railroad division cannot find much time for track safety, Bruce Ingersoll reports in the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

So far this year, the agency has devoted just 11 days to inspecting 1,800 miles of mainline track for possible hazards. Moreover, during a three-year period—from Oct. 7, 1970, to Oct. 29, 1973—state track inspectors could not get out of their Springfield office for a single inspection trip over the 14,100 miles of mainline railroad crisscrossing Illinois.

Harry Stern, the state's chief railroad engineer, says he simply does not have the manpower for the task. The Federal Railroad Administration points out that Illinois, unlike several other states, has not yet taken up its offer to split the cost of hiring additional inspectors.

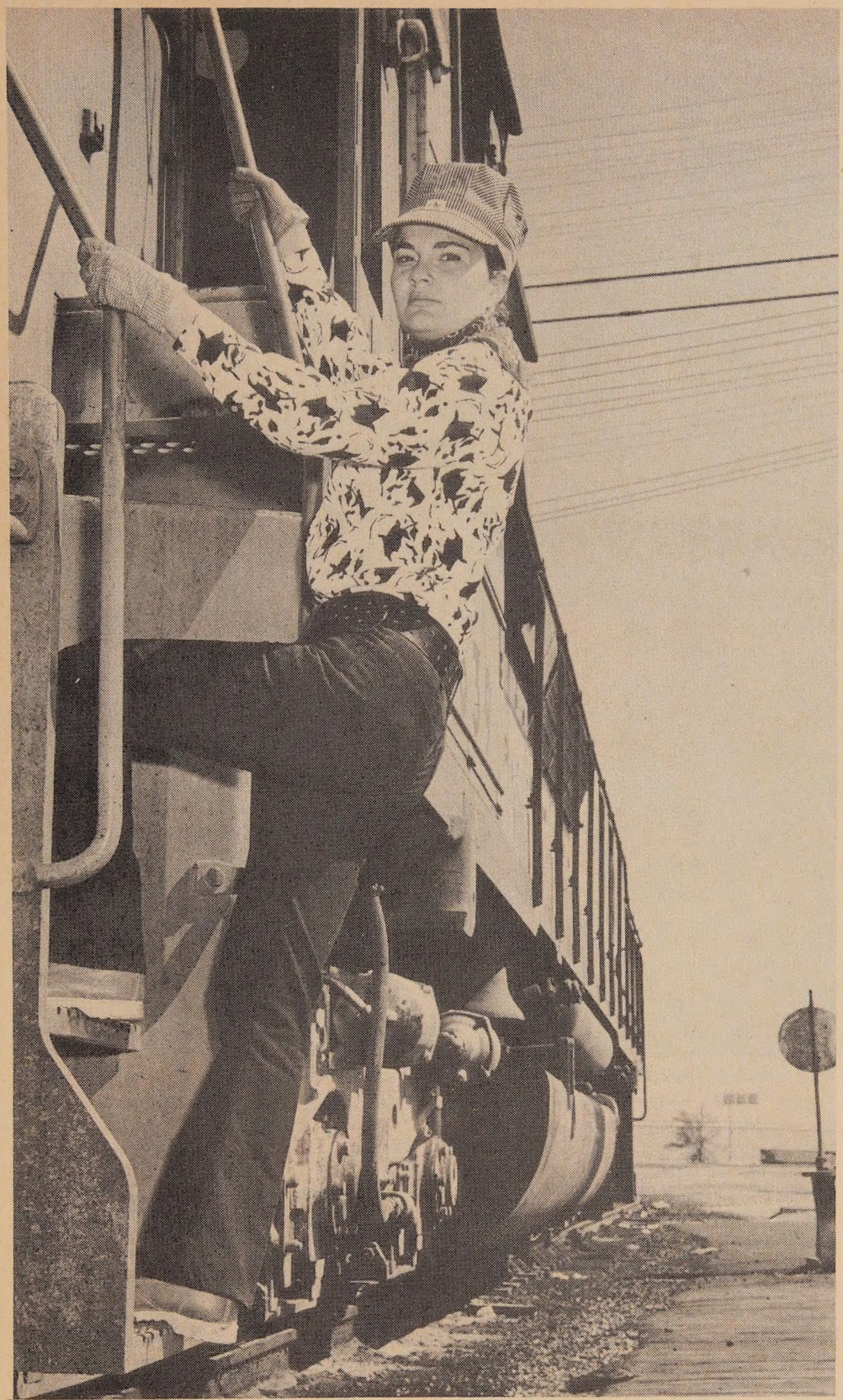
The number of derailments, meanwhile, keeps on rising. Last year, 152 trains derailed, up from 118 in 1968. In the first half of 1974, exactly 135 trains left the track. If they keep on derailing at this unprecedented rate, the number will hit 270 by the end of the year. ●

AN ENGINEER Earl Wahlund, of the Northwestern Pacific lines brought train No. 4, the overnight passenger from San Rafael, into Eureka, Calif., late one morning recently, but nobody complained.

Nearing his terminal, Wahlund spotted a cow and calf in trouble near the right of way. The calf had tangled itself in barbed wire, and its mother was standing by, mooing helplessly. Wahlund halted his diesel, freed the calf, and resumed his journey. ●

YEARS AGO, steam whistles in the night stirred the imagination of many boys who had time to dream and retired old men whose dreams seemed to have vanished. But why just boys and men? As a little girl in the heyday of steam those sounds were exciting to me also. I used to wonder where the trains had come from and where they were going. I'd think with awe of huge coalburning engines standing at country depots and what a tingling thrill it gave me to hear at close range the almost deafening hiss of their steam. I loved to ride behind them, sometimes in a Pullman berth.

Time passed and I grew up. Due to the inconvenient train schedules, I no longer traveled by rail. I didn't think then that trains would ever rumble back sentimentally into my life. But they did. I married a rail buff named



Bonnie Leake, age 29, new member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Div. 766, Las Vegas, Nev., boards Union Pacific loco to continue her training as the UP's first female hogger. She has been railroading for 8 years, working as a yard office clerk and then as a crew dispatcher. Began engine-service training on July 1.

Santa Fe Railway photograph

Bob. Both he and his father worked for the Chicago & North Western—as a telegrapher and a dispatcher respectively. My exposure to their enthusiasm revived something precious that I thought I had lost forever, and I fell in love with trains again.

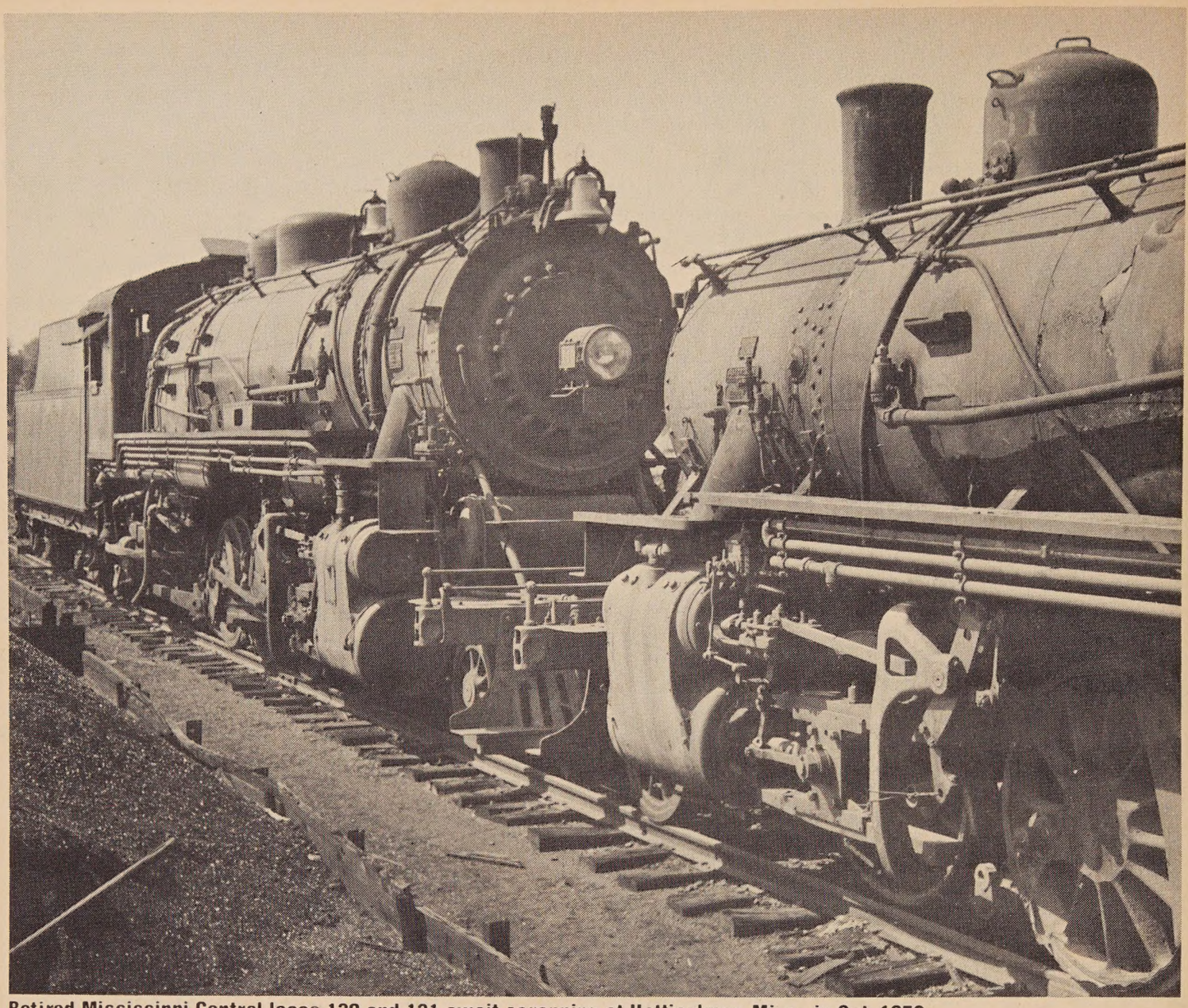
Bob and I collect railroadiana to display in our family room. Last month, *Railroad Magazine* pictured me using a crowbar to get removable part of a derelict old coach, with the owner's permission. My husband's interest in photography and rail lore takes us on little trips to outworn rolling stock, engines, and old abandoned depots. As a rule, our long walks are not through wooded glens or alongside quiet streams but in railroad yards still strewn with cinders left over from the steam age, not to mention fragments of broken glass and discarded beer cans. There we shoot pictures. On Sunday afternoons we hear the gentle idling of waiting diesel locomotives, and on weekdays the cacophony of boxcars being switched around to roll again over miles of glittering rails, and the occasional shout of a hogger or switchman.

There aren't enough passenger runs today, but we ride them when we can. We've even ridden trains in Canada and the Swiss Alps. (Incidentally, I admire the Swiss train photo on *Railroad's* August cover.) One of the nicest things about being a railfan is mingling with other people who share their hobby and getting letters from them. Some fans take railroading seriously; others got into it for fun. In my case it is a link with golden days of childhood when I lay in bed listening to train "music" at night. I like to think that a small boy who has since grown up and is now my husband was hearing some of those same sounds at the same time—Mrs. Yvonne Yahnke, 1305 N. Sherman Ave., Madison, Wis. 53704. ●

PENN CENTRAL has just begun operating new 50-car trains of oil tankers to build up a crude-oil inventory and then supply an oil-fired generating station until a pipeline is completed to that plant at least 18 months from now. These are unique unit trains running from Philadelphia to Martins Creek, Pa., where the generating station is now being built. For this run PC has leased 150 new tank cars. Even though this service is operated on an interim basis to fill a temporary need, PC brass collars are excited over the chance to demonstrate the economic feasibility of crude oil movement by unit trains.

Another unusual unit train is hauling 3.6 million tons of coal annually over PC to supply electricity for a major portion of Indiana. This fuel is moving from a new mine at Keensburg, Ill., to an even newer generating station at Carol, Indiana. There it is being stored to power the station's first generator, which will soon go into service. Normally, the shipper supplies only the hopper cars, but in this case he is supplying the entire train—locomotives, hoppers, and caboose.

Penn Central maintenance crews, working continually through daylight hours, have repaired a route between Louisville and Chicago which was ordered closed by the Federal Railroad Administration early in August. Freight service was restored as quickly as the tracks were inspected and approved.



Retired Mississippi Central locos 130 and 131 await scrapping at Hattiesburg, Miss., in Oct. 1953.

Gordon S. Crowell, General Electric S.A., Casilla de Correo 360, Montevideo, Uruguay

GEORGE R. WALLACE, 55, Penn Central's vice president-marketing, was killed the other day by an accidental fall from a New York-Philadelphia passenger train near the Tacony station in Philadelphia.

Also news is PC's agreement to sell its rail yards at west 30th and west 60th Streets in New York City for a price "in excess of $100 million" to Trump Enterprise, a real estate firm, for a possible housing project and shopping center. The deal involves 144 acres. ●

DICK McKINLEY, a 43 year-old mattress manufacturer of Denver, Colo., had two full-size trains and wants to buy another.

"I've loved trains since I was a little kid," he says. "My dad used to take my brother and me down to the depot every Sunday to watch the trains come in. They used to run 50 or 60 of them in and out of Denver every day."

In July 1970, he bought a used diesel locomotive and five passenger cars from the Burlington's old *Nebraska Zephyr*. He already owned the *Denver Zephyr*. His idea was to run a train to ski areas in the Rocky Mountains or for regular passenger service. But he ran into financial problems.

"I didn't have enough capital to fix up the train myself, so I needed a loan," Dick McKinley explains. "But the bank wouldn't finance me until I got railroad approval to run the train. And no railroad would give me the approval until they knew I had the money to fix up the train and get it running."

Stymied, he decided to sell the train, which was being kept at Union Station at a cost of $150 a month. Last February he sold it for $80,000 to a Kansas City banker, Alexander Barket, who also bought 12 cars of the old *Denver Zephyr* from him in 1968 McKinley is interested in buying another train.

"I got a bid sheet from the Burlington Northern the other day," he says. "They have some cars for sale in Chicago. I plan to look at them, although they're older commuter cars and I'm not sure how good shape they're in.

"I probably won't buy a locomotive this time. I bought the engine to the *Nebraska Zephyr* because it was one of the early diesels and was one of only two in working order in the country." ●

TWO WIDOWS, Roni McGillick, 68, and Loretta Tumulty, 74, became neighbors of Southern Pacific a few months after completion of the Palmdale-Colton Cut-off in 1967. Since then, they have made friends with scores of SP trainmen and

enginemen. These women live on an isolated ranch in the Cajon Pass area of Southern California. The SP cut-off line runs within 200 feet on their kitchen windows.

As soon as they moved in, Roni and Loretta began waving to the crews passing their home. Then, one day, a train stopped momentarily, and they went over to say hello. Shortly after that, they started baking cookies for their railroader friends. They put the cookies into paper bags, twist them closed, and toss them to the crews of slow-moving uphill train. Downhill trains move too fast for this delivery system. Over the past five years, the two women have baked more than 50,000 cookies for SP crews.

SP crew members visit the ladies from time to time, bringing them magazines and newspapers. Last Christmas they gave them a transistor radio and $110 cash gift. ●

COLORADO MIDLAND'S famous Wildflower Excursion out of Colorado Springs nearly 50 years ago was mentioned in *Railroad Magazine* Someone said it was listed in the timecards. I have a number of CM timetables, both public and employes, between 1892 and 1917, the last one issued, and several *Official Guides* of that period, but do not find those excursions listed in any of them. I also have a small illustrated folder entitled *Wildflower Granite Canyon—Colorado Midland,* which doesn't indicate the year but shows this train's schedule.

I also own a train order issued Aug. 31, 1905, which sets up this train as a special to run from Colorado Springs to Spinney (58.7 miles) and return, "with rights over all except first class trains." Our family spent the summer of 1916 at Green Mountain Falls, 15 miles west of Colorado Springs. Before going there, my father, who was Santa Fe agent at Atchison, Kan., was given a system annual pass over the Colorado Midland for all of us. We often rode CM trains, including the *Wildflower Excursion,* but never got west of Spinney.

All CM trains including the *Wildflower,* used the Santa Fe station at Colorado Springs during the road's entire history. Their subsidiary, the Midland Terminal, used the Rio Grande station for their daily Cripple Creek train until as late as 1914—Ed Mahoney, 5418 Ellsworth Ave., Dallas, Texas 75206. ●

TWO experimental electric locomotives reached a speed of 132 miles per hour in the autumn of 1903 on the military railway line between Marienfelde, a southern suburb of Berlin, and Zossen, the home of the Reichswehr general staff. This German rail speed record was only marginally exceeded by a propeller-driven locomotive in the thirties.

Near Hanover, a Deutsche Bundesbahn electric locomotive has now set up a new record of 155 mph. The E103 locomotive is to be used on regular services between Mannheim and Saarbrucken. On this route staff will be trained to handle the new loco, although the track is only suitable at intervals for top speeds of 125 mph. "The E103 is easy to handle," railwaymen say. "The driver not only can see the next signal through the wind screen but electronic devices can enable him to read the following one. The locomotive is programmed to keep to within the prescribed speed limits. Automatic transmission swings into action as soon as there is a change in gradient." ●

BURLINGTON NORTHERN car inspectors Anselmo Padilla and Pat Mangan, both of Missoula, Mont., saw a baby crawling along the tracks in Missoula when they went to inspect an inbound freight train. They plucked him from between the rails of a switching yard movement just before a train rushed by. "If they hadn't done so," says yardmaster Bob Graft, "he'd have been killed."

Also on the BN, any of the system's 44,000 employes in the 19 states and two Canadian provinces in which America's longest rail system operates can get the boss's car simply by reaching for the telephone and dialing BOSS. When an employe has a question about the company, his phoned query is piped into a tape recorder. Soon he gets a personal reply by mail at his home, from either Louis Menk, chairman of the board, or Robert Downing, vice chairman. The questions ranged from policies, working conditions, salaries, vacations, promotions, or pensions. ●

ANSWERING a question about steam locomotives scooping up water from the pans, George Wohnus, R.E.1, Lowman, N.Y. 14861, says the Jersey Central had such pans at Green Brook, N.J., and the Reading had them at Roleoff, Pa., while the Pennsy and New York Central had many of them. Over in England, such pans on the old London & North Western were called troughs and the track was curved at points where they were located. By reducing speed, you could pick up more water and the scoop worked better. To operate a scoop, you first cut in the air then unlocked the scoop and dropped it into

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the pan. After getting the water you raised the scoop, locked it, and cut out the air. "I often did this," writes George, a retired CNJ hogger.

"HIS STATEMENT borders on the idiotic," writes Roy Harter, 112 Little John Rd., El Paso, Texas 79925, referring to a recent pointed remark by Penn Central's Jervis Langdon, Jr., to the effect that delays were due to locomotives not being available because of crews being limited to 12 hours on duty. "Such delays might be avoided," Roy goes on, "if track were maintained so that trains could make 50 or 60 miles per hour instead of crawling along at 15 or 20. Management's stupidity in blaming its own shortcomings on labor seems to be universal.

"Stuart Saunders, ex-president of Penn Central, should be jailed for his part in the bankruptcy of the giant rail system instead of getting $90,000 a year pension. No wonder the Eastern roads are in such bad shape, First, management claimed that the diesel would be the salvation of the railroads. Then they said that getting rid of passenger service would do the trick. They were wrong on both counts. Neither did it help the railroads or the country in general to cut down on the employment of labor. I wonder who is fooled by Langdon?"

I ENJOY your fiction stories. Have these stories been collected in book form?—B. Mallon, R D. 1, Warwick, N.Y. (*Ed. note:* a few of them have been You'll find two rail fiction anthologies listed by *Railroad Magazine's* Book Service: *Headlights & Markers* and *Open Throttle.*)

AREN'T you giving too much space to diesels? I only hope you never run out of steam photos and steam stories. And don't forget the photos of ladies, which add charm to the magazine—John R. Lukko, 310 Wright Ave., Morgan Hill, Calif.

WHICH railroad first used safety stripes on the front part of its locomotives? Was this concept invented in America?—Jean-Michel Leclercq, Residence Bellevue de Plan, 01220 Divonne, Les Baines, France?

Our Monthly Newscast

OFFICIALS are seeking the cause of a huge explosion in Norfolk & Western's 3-mile-long yard at Decatur, Ill., that killed seven railroaders, injured at least 130 persons, damaged hundreds of industrial buildings, and destroyed over 100 freight cars. The blast originated on a tank car loaded with propane gas. But its impact was mild compared with the Halifax, Nova Scotia, disaster in 1917 which killed more than 1,600 people, as chronicled in *Railroad Magazine* for June '74.

A FREE COPY of catalog 92-6 may be had from General Railway Signal Co., Dept. AD, Rochester, N.Y. 14602. It illustrates and describes the use of the track quality meter, a device providing a simple, accurate means of measuring track ballast resistance, determining track uniformity, and locating leakages at insulated joints.

CHESSIE SYSTEM'S Mechanical Department has again won National Safety Council's award of honor. To win this status an entrant must operate for one full year without a single disabling injury to any employe. The Mechanical Department's 120 men have done that for four straight years.

Another bit of Chessie news is the signing of a $6 million contract with Collins Radio Co. of Dallas, Texas, for constructing a microwave system on the Chesapeake & Ohio and Baltimore & Ohio, with 45 stations, covering about 850 route-miles.

The same rail system conducts a school in Baltimore, Md., to teach customer accounting procedures to rate personnal and others. It takes over two years of training on a daily basis to gain a good working knowledge of the rate business.

COLUMBUS & GREENVILLE RR. in Mississippi will soon be under new management. A new company has signed articles of agreement to buy the 168-mile line for $4.9 million.

CONSTRUCTION of a $2.2 million building at Roanoke, Va., to house Norfolk & Western's expanding computer operations is scheduled to get under way early this fall and be completed next summer.

CP RAIL has ordered 600 piggyback, container, and standard flatcars to meet growing traffic demands. Total value of the order is about $15.6 million. Delivery is expected to begin next February.

Also, CP Rail has won a "Golden Spike" railway-public safety award for the 20th time in the award programs's 21-year history. National Safety Council makes these awards to North American railways in recognition of major safety programs for employes and the public.

BOSTON & MAINE reports a sharp drop in net operating loss, $475,00, for the second quarter of 1974. This is 80 percent less than the $2,491,000 net loss for the same period a year ago. At the same time, operating revenues rose 16 percent.

SANTA FE is making aerial surveys to determine a route for propsed rail line to serve coal deposits in the San Juan Basin of New Mexico. Geologists have reported the existence of probably several billion tons of coal there, north of ATSF transcontinental line.

UNKNOWN thieves stole nearly two miles of railroad track from the old Jersey Central near "hairpin curve" on the old Route 115. They were reported to have made off with

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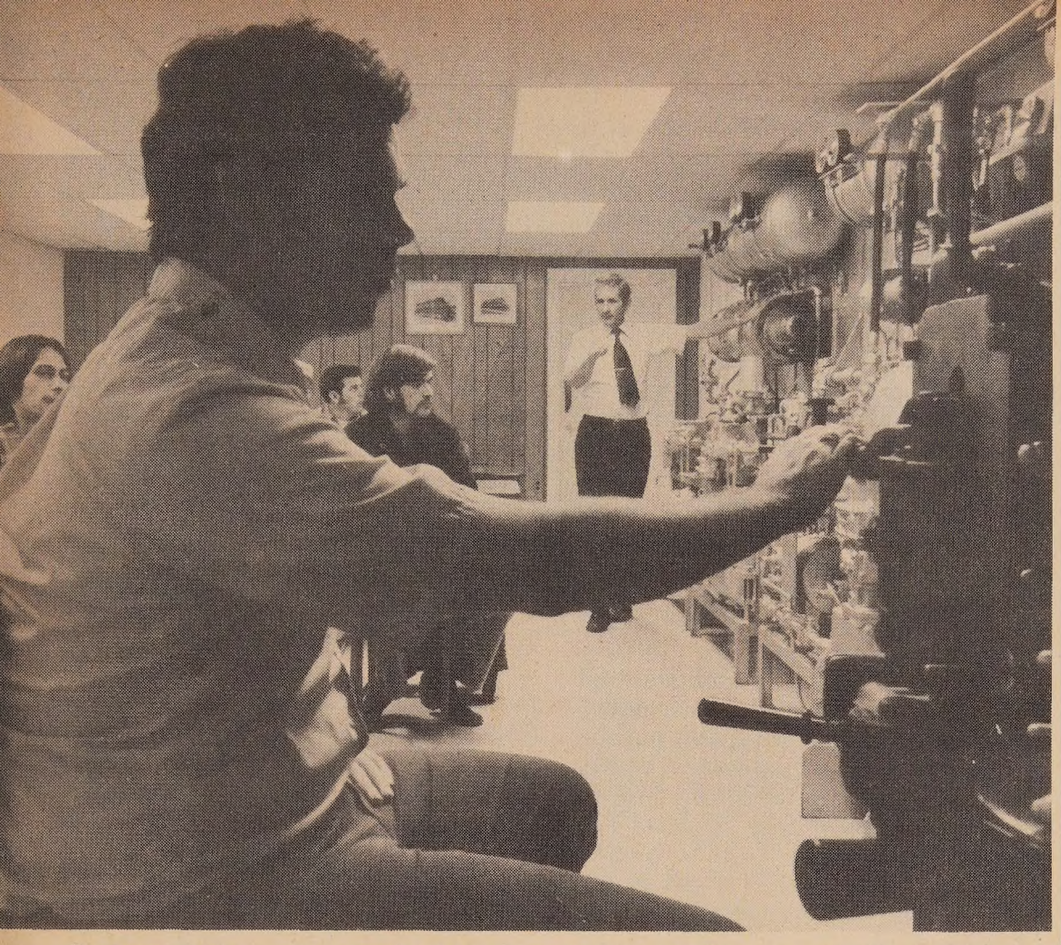


Engineer training class on the Rock Island in Kansas City general offices. Lining an entire wall is operational brake system. Teacher, in doorway, is John Bakeman. In the foreground sits Terry McIntyre.

Photograph by Ed Wojtas, editor of Rock Island Rocket

some $20,000 worth of track before officials of the Lehigh Valley, which took over the CNJ operations, were made aware of the theft. The crooks drove trucks and a small bulldozer into the area, cut the tracks from the ties into 8-foot sections and hauled the track away in trucks. ●

A RECENT caboose ride on the Milwaukee Road freight No. 261 from Aberdeen, S.D., to Tacoma, Wash., was like being transported into the Twilight zone of one of the Railroad's fiction stories.

Go to Harlowton, Mont., about sundown on a hot July night. Sit on the bench there and watch the show. Lights glow brightly from inside the weather-beaten gray depot, an operator with his earphones in place is busy copying train orders, and in the former passenger waiting-room, off duty and retired railroaders gather to chew the fat. I wish some writer could get to these oldtimers and write up their stories.

One fellow I talked with hired out to the Milwaukee when it was building through to the Coast. Some of his tales of railroading in Montana were fantastic. Another elderly man had been an engineer who'd pulled the throttle on just about everything from steam to electrics to diesels. I asked him which type of power he preferred.

"Diesel," he answered quickly. "Diesels have steam beat by a mile."

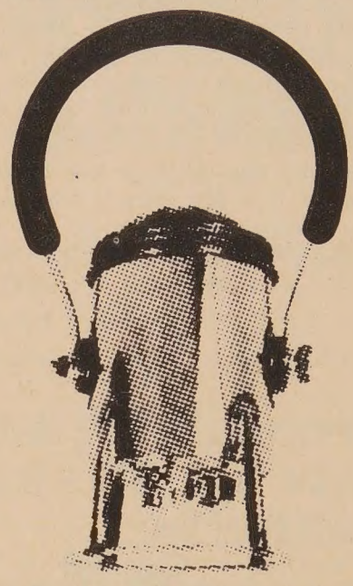
Another grayhead had worked in Harlowtown roundhouse for about 48 years, starting by building fires in the steamers. As I listened to him, I heard a diesel air horn from afar off. The eastbound time freight. Piggyback, containers, and autos. The crew appeared and we all headed outdoors to wait. A distant rumbling, another whistle, and things picked up. Carmen from the shop appeared, the conductor and engineer talked shop, the switch-engine crew headed for their goat, and suddenly the block signal showed green.

An hour later, the train had been serviced, switched, and made ready for its next lap to Miles City. Two toots, a clanging bell, and a whiplike crack as the slack was taken out and a 100 cars of freight got into motion. In a few minutes, Harlowton was again empty.

Less than a block from the depot is a hotel exclusively for railroaders. It boasts a 24-hour beanery. The food is good and there is plenty of it. Coffee is 10¢ for all you can drink. A pert-looking young waitress also turns out to be the "callperson." At midnight she goes upstairs to wake the crew to take 261 west.

Down they come: some order breakfast, others dinner. I introduce myself and show the conductor my pass. He nods and digs into his food. A little conversation follows.

The Conger Lantern



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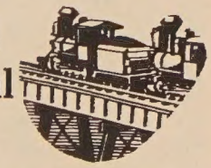

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"You work for the road, mister?"

"No, I'm just a railfan making amends for never riding the Milwaukee when it had a passenger train over this line," I reply.

After thermos bottles have been filled, we all trudge to the depot. A somewhat chilly wind is blowing. Flashes of lightning show on the horizon. The block signal is showing yellow. No. 261 is out there now. The signal has turned red. Even over the wind, I can hear the rumble of three high-horsepower locomotives and 100 or so cars of freight. To me, the air horn of a diesel locomotive sounding far off in the night can bring as much of call of faraway places as did a steam whistle long ago.

On many roads, the time-honored jobs have been turned into routine work that no one could really put his heart in. CTC, computers, barren prefab metal stations, radio-controlled dispatching. Experts are trying to figure out ways to nickel-and-dime every tradition out of existence. Furthermore, mergers have reduced many a job to the status of assembly-line. The Milwaukee—at least at Harlowton isn't like that. I found people at Harlowton interested in their work. Sure, there was some beefing. I imagine you could have heard plenty of it even back in the "glory days."

If you want to see railroading as it used to be, or hear some fabulous "tales of the rails," go to Harlowton. It may be one of the last few places still operating in the traditional manner—Frank Tobey, P.O. Box 201, Clatskanie, Ore. 97016. ●

Overseas Railroading

TERRORISTS set off a bomb inside the longest double-track tunnel in Europe on August 4th, killing 12 people and injuring many others aboard the 17-car Rome-Munich express as it sped through northern Italy carrying more than 1,000 passengers, most of them Italians. This occurred between Florence and Bologne at 1:30 a.m. It tore off the roof of one car and set another on fire. Many of the passengers, their clothing in flames leaped for safety as the train emerged from the 10-mile-long tunnel and coasted to the small San Bernedetto Val di Sambro station half a mile away.

EUROPE is expected to have its first fully-automated railway by late-1975. Trains linking Lille mainline station in France with a new town along an 8.5 km concrete guideway will have no crews—and stations will be unmanned. Another country looking to automated trains is Finland. Design of a prototype metro train, which has been on trial along a test track in Helsinki for the past two years, allows for fully-automatic operation.

Eight new trains have been added this year to the already comprehensive Trans-Europe Express system, bring the number of these 100-mph trains to 43. Six of them run between Italian cities. In addition, the *Cisalpin*, which rockets tourists between Paris and Milan via Lausanne, has been extended to Venice.

The *TEE* trains get you where you're going in Europe at speeds which compete with air travel. The *Beethoven*, for example, goes from Amsterdam to Cologne in 2 hrs. and 49 minutes and the *Settebello* goes from Milan to Florence in 2 hours and 33 minutes.

Because of their speed and because they pick up and deposit passengers in the centers of cities instead of at out-of-town airports. TEE's often make trips in the same time or less than planes would take—and at lower costs.

EMPTY stomachs and long train rides seem inevitable traveling companions, but Italian State Railways have moved again to quiet the pangs. A tray-service meal system has been introduced on express trains 888 and 893 on Rome Reggio-Calabria route.

ANYONE want to buy the Royal retiring rooms at Wolverton railway station on Queen Elizabeth's Sandringham estate in Norfolk, England? The price is £30,000. The rooms have been converted to provide a kitchen, bathroom, a center hall, two bedrooms and three cloakrooms. The property is seven miles from King's Lynn and forms part of the original station. The line through Wolverton was built by the Lynn & Hunstanton Railway in 1861 and used by Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, after acquiring Sandringham in the following year. The station was closed in 1906. ●

SOME readers complain that our present grade of paper blurs the sharp details of our photographic reproductions. That is true. Unfortunately, there is a critical paper shortage in this country right now and we have to use what we can get. But hang on, fellows! We will return to coated stock soon, as soon as a supply is available. ●

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR

by E.T. PARKER

ZEB HASKIN pulled out a new train-sheet from the desk to start another day. Zeb was a night dispatcher. Tall, lean and capable, he had been extracting fresh sheets from the supply desk for thirty-odd years. Bold black letters across the top of these forms headlined the daily movements of trains on the River Division, I&M Railroad, in the Midwest. The sheets were pages from the annals of men and machines, written in inky symbols, with much that imaginative readers could fill in between the lines.

Zeb slid his long frame into the chair and murmured an old hackneyed phrase, "Another day, another dollar."

The aging dispatcher had reached the top in his own particular job. Too many gray hairs had found their way in the brown fringe that circled his bald pate. Wrinkles creased his forehead and reached out from his eyes, etched by long years of marking up train movements. The glazed sheets had forced him to protect his eyes with heavy gold-rimmed spectacles.

No one knew better than Zeb Haskin that he had climbed as high as he'd ever get—until, at last, his time should come to ascend the Golden Stairs.

Years before, Zeb was full of ambition—a desire to reach the apex—but as he watched the younger men slip ahead of him and move on up, year after year, this yearning gradually died. His only aim now was to hang on, so that in a few years he could retire with a pension. Already young fellows were eyeing his job and speculating when he'd be through. Zeb knew that, too. Some of the brass collars were wondering also—especially the new superintendent, Jacob Biermann, who had come to the River Division with college-taught ideas of efficiency.

Zeb and the super had not hit it off very well; they had tangled on several occasions over delays to manifest freights. Trains had been going to the terminal late, so late that Eastern roads would not hold hotshots for them. Sometimes the result was a twenty-four-hour delay. This was not entirely Zeb's fault, but in a few cases he could have done better. These few Mr. Biermann pounced upon sarcastically.

"Incompetence," he barked.

Zeb said nothing, but a red flush crept around his neck. He dared not answer back. The superintendent was a younger and more vigorous man, proud of his new-found authority. He had orders to use this authority and was doing just that. Zeb knew what was going on around him. His old pal, Hy Saunders, the longtime night yardmaster, only recently had been demoted to a switchman because he had let his yard get blocked and had held out a hotshot. Biermann let it be known that he wouldn't tolerate delays.

THESE gloomy thoughts crept into Zeb's brain as he sat slumped over the dispatcher's table that night, busily plotting out the eastbound and westbound scheduled runs.

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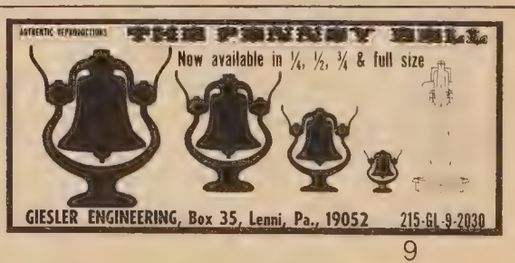
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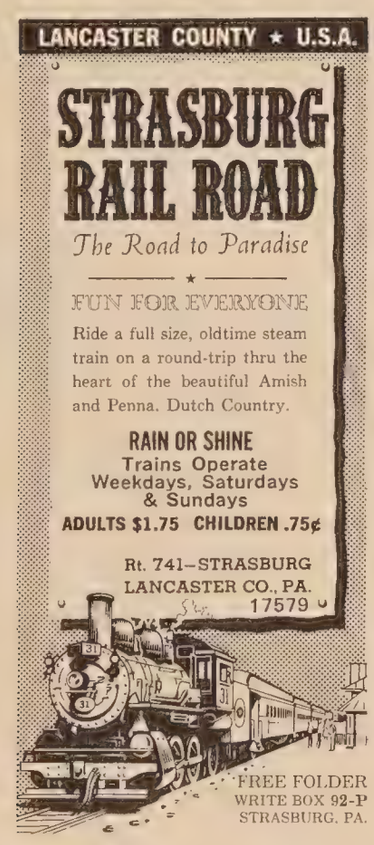
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fronting his desk were strangely quiet. Operators along the line were having a few minutes' talk with their reliefs or gossiping over local affairs. But the silence was not for long. The telegraph line reserved for the train dispatcher soon broke into a hurried chatter in Morse code. Dash, two dots—dash, two dots—DS, DS, DS.

"DS" was, of course, the dispatcher's office. Zeb opened the key, reaching for a pad of paper with the other hand, and answered: "I.DS."

"Here's a pink" said Tower A, and tapped out an order, which Zeb copied in his smoothly flowing op fist:

"To Haskin: Special train due DS 1.30 a.m., due Tower A 3.45 a.m., must make schedule. JPB."

Zeb swore beneath his breath. Who did that guy think he was, anyhow? Two hours and fifteen minutes for a hundred-mile run! That could be done down where the super came from, on a double-track as straight as an arrow, but not on the River Division of the I&M. Following the Snake River for seventy-five miles, the I&M iron hugged the big bends under the river's high bluffs for every mile and then straightened out for the remaining distance. From Miller City, where Zeb worked, to Coreyville, where the rails left the river bank, speed was restricted to forty miles per hour for all trains. Sharp curves and large engines would not permit a greater speed with safety. It would take a train most of the two hours to make this crooked stretch!

There was only one way to make that schedule: put a hogger like "Lickety Split" O'Malley at the throttle and exceed the speed limit in most of the danger spots.

Jim O'Malley had won his nickname by saying how he went down the pike "lickety split" on some good run. Jim could not easily squeeze his huge body through the gangway, but let him once get settled in a cab seat of a big Pacific and he'd make her sing and dance. Zeb heaved a sigh of relief when he saw on the engineers' list that O'Malley would stand for the Special.

The run could be made on time if everything broke just right. But if the Special went in late, Zeb knew the wires would be burning up with "why" messages for him to answer.

DISPATCHER HASKIN planned the run hurriedly, giving the Special right of track over everything in both directions. That would keep the main stem open all the way. Number 68 would be the only westbound tain coming up-river and Zeb would hold them in the clear at Coreyville.

Number 57, due 12.30 a.m. out of Miller City, down-river, was nothing but a drag. He'd have to tell the yardmaster to hold Number 57 in the yard. It would never do to let 57 get out ahead, as this train usually had more cars than any siding would hold and "sawed by" all the trains they met or had to pass. Zeb had already sent the callboy after the Special's crew with instructions to report soon as possible.

A familiar voice answered the yard phone. Hy Saunders, for the night, had been placed back in charge when the regular Y.M. went home sick.

Zeb responded: "Good to hear your voice again." "It was a case of no one else," Hy explained, "but it might mean another crack at the yardmaster's job."

The newly appointed night Y.M. had a pull somewhere, but had never handled a "garden" like Miller City and was having some difficulty.

Zeb's good wishes fell flat when he learned that Number 57, with ninety cars, had already been called on duty. The train was made up with the head end sticking out on the line. *That's one of the troubles with this yard,* he thought, *no tracks long enough for the trains now moving.*

Miller City yard was plugged. There was no track for 57 to double back into, and not a siding between Miller City and Tower A that would hold ninety cars. The most that any had space for was seventy, at Volga, ten miles out. The short notice that Biermann had given them of the Special coming had not been time enough to arrange the yard for it. He wouldn't accept that as an excuse, however. Number 57 would have to run ahead of the Special!

Again the telegraph sounder on the dispatching circuit broke in with an urgent call for DS, as Zeb was urging Saunders to do his best in getting Number 57 started, to give them a push with the yard engine and move fast.

The call for DS was coming in rapid jerks before Zeb could open the key and answer: "I, DS."

"From Tower A," it said. "Pink. To Haskins, dispatcher. Special will now reach DS 1.15 a.m. fifteen minutes ahead. Guaranteed on time delivery to connection." Signed, "JPB," who evidently was following the movement personally.

That's the widely known case of throwing it in my lap, thought Zeb as he slammed the key shut with a vicious "O.K." Superintendent Biermann, for some reason, was sure bearing down on this train. Zeb wondered if it would be an excuse to set him back.

He groaned to think that through loyalty to an old friend he had let himself get sewed up in one helluva mess. He could have made Saunders tear that ninety-car drag to pieces, storing the pieces away on industrial tracks, if necessary. It wasn't his fault that the yard was too small, and plugged.

But even if he had made Hy do that, the action would have taken time. Too much time! The Special would be standing in the yard. "Delayed by yard engine," the conductor would show on his report. Zeb would have been in clear, but he hated to kill Hy's fresh chance to make good.

No use worrying about that now. The elderly dispatcher heard the drag nearing town, with the yard goat knocking the stack behind the caboose. They were getting a good start out of the yard, thank Heaven! Now, if they'd only keep rolling to Volga...

THE MIDNIGHT operator at Volga was a new man. He stood peering out each window in turn, nervously watching for trains to swoop around the big curve, their headlights sweeping the Snake River in huge arcs before settling back on the short straight stretch through the town.

Beads of sweat broke out on his forehead as he waited with both hands resting on the telegraph table. The table was littered with scraps of paper and copies of train orders, the stuff that had been going through on the wires, some with complete messages on them, others only partially completed.

He was young and a ham. Those oldtimers with sending machines were too quick for him. He had been on the list only a few months, not long enough to get all the fast stuff that came from the seasoned ops.

"We all had to start some time," the chief had told him. "Go out now and do your best."

But the "best" so far was none too good. The few months he had worked had not stopped that sinking feeling that came to his stomach every time he heard VO, the call for Volga, from the sounder on the table.

He knew it would come soon. He had enough on those partially filled messages to convince him that Number 57 had left Miller City at 12.40 a.m. and a Special was due. Every night since he had been there he had copied the order for 57 to meet 68 at Cray, five miles beyond. Each night this event was a big task for him. His hands shook as he opened the key and answered Zeb with a shaky, "I, VO."

I hope that kid at VO gets this right, Zeb thought as he opened the hand key and started sending Morse slow and plain. His thirty years of pounding brass and dispatching trains still found him with a capable sending fist. Many an old veteran had lost his grip and trusted to the younger telegraphers to get the shaky stuff he sent. But not Zeb Haskin. He realized that wobbly code sent to that boy down at VO now would throw him straight in the air.

"Is Number 57 coming?" Zeb spelled out each word and figure plainly.

"Yes," came the weak reply.

Zeb wiped his hand dry with a piece of train-order paper, "Here is a message for Number 57. To conductor and engineer on Number 57: Pull into siding at Volga. Take twenty head cars to Cray and let Special by. Special pass Volga 1.30."

It was a long message for a ham to get without breaking once. But Zeb sent it with patient firmness, and after a minute's silence he had the satisfaction of hearing Volga answer, "O.K.' The old dispatcher voiced a silent blessing on the op, hoping his OK had been true. He felt sure the youngster would get the message to the crew as rapidly as possible so they could make a quick cut and move to Cray. But he did not feel like taxing the ham's capacity too far, least he blow up and spoil everything by delaying the delivery of the message.

There was no night office at Cray, only a siding, and no way of telling whether or not Number 57 would make it in time to clear the Special. They'd need every minute of the time left. At 1.10 a.m. the Special's big Pacific sent one long blast of her whistle flying back and forth between the high bluffs up the river. She would leave at 1.15 on the advertised.

Well, Zeb muttered to himself, *if the head end of Number 57 gets to*

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Cray and Lickety Split O'Malley keeps her on the curves she'll pass Tower A on time.

There was not much on the train-sheet to show for the hour and a half of Zeb's work. Just a few figures written in ink.

Funny thing, he mused, *there's very little to show for the actual work I've done. Only a few inky marks for all the thinking and figuring. But that's the way with this business.*

No, there wasn't much written down on the sheet. It would show that an extra west, the Special, arrived at Miller City at 1.12 a.m., departed at 1.15, and passed Volga at 1.31. It would show Number 57 with ninety cars leaving Miller City at 12.40 a.m. and reaching Volga at 1.10. The young op at Volga had told him the head end left for Cray about 1.18, but wasn't sure, as he couldn't see the west end of the siding, around a curve.

THAT was the picture displayed by the few figures on the train-sheet. Zeb could see the Special, with Lickety Split at the throttle, tearing down past Volga with his head and shoulders stuck out the cab window, watching the iron closely for rocks that sometimes fall from the high bluffs. Too bad if, after thousands of years, one would tear loose right now and take a slide! But the hill was dry and there was little danger of that. By now, the head end of Number 57 should be just about throwing the switch at Cray and the Special would go tearing by with a blast of the whistle in answer to a highball from a brakeman on the ground.

Leaning back in his chair and slipping the gold-rimmed specs from his weary eyes, Zeb Haskin stretched out his arms in a relaxing yawn. Then he studied the record as it lay before him.

The next report he'd get from the Special would be at Coreyville, where the straight track began. If they were a little late they had a good chance to make it up on that "no limit" track. Zeb had told Lickety Split to take it easy on curves but that the sky was the limit on the straight stretches, especially the last twenty-five miles. The night dispatcher smiled wanly as he pictured the hogger the next time he saw him, telling how he'd gone down the pike on that run, "lickety split."

But the picture as portrayed on the dispatcher's daily record was not quite complete. One item was missing. It did not show the red lantern hanging on the last car of Number 57's head end as they neared Cray siding. The dim warning was cut to only a few feet by a fog bank rolling up the river. Mist hung in thick curtains.

The train was only two miles out of Cray when the first warning of the fog struck them abruptly; and now as they came closer to the switch, the engineer eased off for fear of running by the switch. They had not lost any time since the operator at Volga handed them the message.

The head brakeman had gone out on the running board and was now on the pilot step, ready to dash to the switch. The Special's warning whistle could be heard thundering down the river—how close it was hard to tell. O'Malley on the Special would have no more warning of the fog than they had.

COMING through the dense curtain of fog, the green eye of the switch-stand suddenly loomed on them, closer than they had expected; but their speed was not too great for a running leap of the brakeman who stood waiting on the pilot step.

The engineer swore as he saw a lantern fall to the ground as the brakie reached for his key to unlock the switch. In his haste the shack had fumbled his lantern, but the headlight and his experienced hands guided the key swiftly in the lock. The engineer's oath turned to a gasp of relief as the green turned to red. The big freight hog's drivers spun with sudden power and rolled into the siding.

As the last car struck the switch, the Special's headlight poked its way through the fog bank scarcely a quarter of a mile away. The brakeman had barely time to "bend the iron" back for the main line before the Special came tearing through the darkness, fire spurting from the partly applied brakes.

That's too close for comfort, the brakeman thought as he searched the ground for his fallen lantern. But it completed the picture that Zeb Haskin saw in the few scant figures on his train-sheet. Details in a picture that would never come to light. A masterpiece!

The chief dispatcher, looking over the train-sheet as the morning force came to work, noted that the Special had gone by Coreyville at 3.25 a.m. and arrived at Tower A at 3.45. On time! Lickety Split had burned up that piece of track with his redball freight. Twenty-five miles in twenty minutes!

"Biermann was well pleased with the movement of the Special," the chief remarked. "How's everything else?"

Zeb had a broad smile on his aging face. It would soon be eight o'clock and he'd be through for the day.

"Okay, chief," he said tritely. "Another day, another dollar." ●

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PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

SEVEN new turbine-powered trains for Amtrak will be built by Rohr Industries at a cost of $30.3 million. Construction will be in the United States under a license agreement with ANF-Francesco, a French railway equipment manufacturer.

Testing two French turbine trains convinced Amtrak that they are reliable, fast, and comfortable. While the trains to be built by Rohr will be based on the successful French design, they will have over 70 percent American content, according to Ray Raffesberger, vice president of Rohr's Rail Transit Division.

"We believe this order marks the beginning of a new generation of U.S. passenger trains that will foster the resurgence of rail travel in America," he says.

Furthermore, Rohr has extended an option for seven additional turbine trains, which Amtrak may exercise any time before next December 1st. The trains will be assembled at Rohr's railcar manufacturing facility in Winder, Ga., with major design and administrative support from a project team at the corporation's headquarters in Chula Vista, California. Each will consist of two power cars and three passenger coaches, all air-conditioned, and will carry 308 seated passengers, with a snack bar located midway on each train.

CHICAGO commuters riding the Norfolk & Western's seven-car train between Orland Park, Ill., and Polk Street Station received a bonus when it was pulled by engine 1776. This locomotive, painted red, white, and blue for the U.S. Bicentennial in 1976, hauled the train on August 12-16. Since its gaudy repainting earlier this year, ths loco has been in regular freight service.

DAILY service was inaugurated between New York and Montreal, via Albany, Saratoga, Ft. Ticonderoga, and Plattsburgh, N.Y., with the *Adirondack;* that left New York's Grand Central terminal on August 5th at 8:30 a.m. as part of the regularly scheduled *Empire State Express.*

On the first run, Carl Bruce Sterzing, Jr., president of the Delaware & Hudson handled the controls of the diesel locomotive for part of the journey. He did this because D&H train crews had walked off the job in a dispute over the size of the crew. Supervisory personnel took over to assure no interruption of the schedule north of Albany. Mr. Sterzing was at the controls of the blue, yellow and silver loco for much of the 80-mile distance between Colonie and Whitehall, N.Y.

About 450 people rode the train on its first run. Among them were transportation and public officials, newsmen, including representatives from Japan, Germany and Venezuela and invited guests. Regular crewmen were back at work the following day for the first revenue runs of the *Adirondack* which is now operating once a day in each direction. The walkout was cut short by a court injunction. Trainmen are arguing for a total crew of five—engineer, fireman, conductor, and two brakemen on each train.

Amtrak and the states of New York and Michigan announced an agreement to restore rail passenber service this fall between New York City and Detroit. This is another major move to fill in gaps in the continental rail passenger system and an example of the increasing involvement of the states in restoring passenger trains.

There will be a daily Amtrak train in each direction by way of Albany (Rensselaer), Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and southern Ontario. The new link will be made possible by extending the route of two of the present New York-Buffalo *Empire Service* trains.

Starting September 20th, Amtrak will operate a special charter train service between Los Angeles and Las Vegas, Nevada.

The action is based on an agreement between Amtrak and Las Vegas Charter Service, Inc. Two or three trains will run each week—on Fridays, Sundays, and some Wednesdays. Known as the "Las Vegas Celebrity Train," each will be made up of equipment from the *Sunset Limited.*

Although the number of persons riding Amtrak passenger trains increased 30 percent in the past fiscal year, rising costs forced the Government-subsidized corporation even deeper into the red, the Department of Transportation reports.

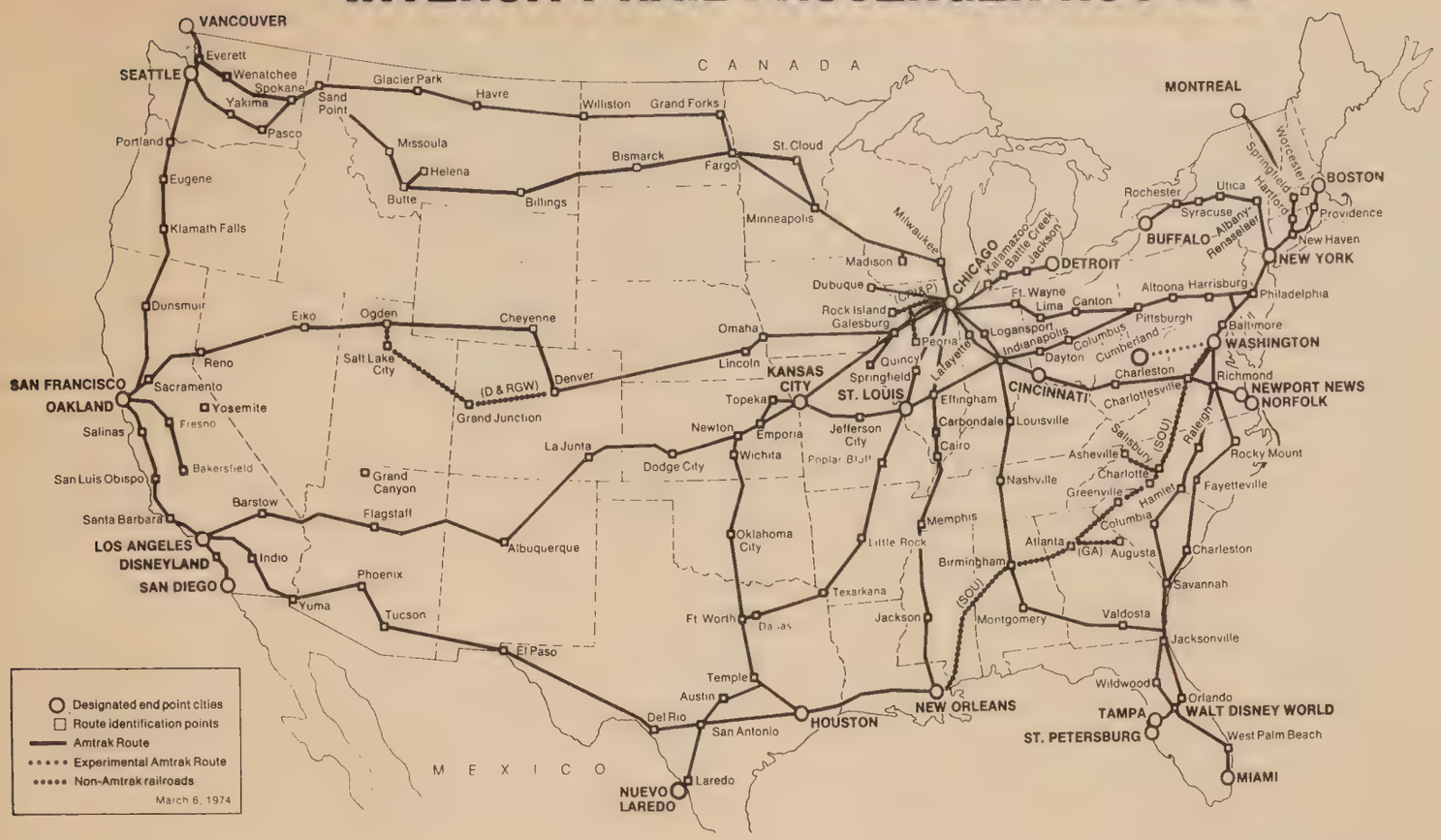
The estimated deficit rose by 40 percent, the department said, and is costing the government almost 5 cents per passenger mile.

ICC is starting an investigation into the need for improved roadbeds and track for passenger trains. Neglected track is one of the biggest problems facing Amtrak.

THE NEWLY-COMPLETED 1.8-mile extension of the Reading Co. line between Warminster and Hatboro, Pa., is now served by suburban trains, the first extension of commuter rail service in the five-county region this century. The service is run jointly by the railroad and the Southeast Pennsylvania Transportation Authority.

TRAVEL BY TRAIN, a Rand McNally Guide, by Edward J. Wojtas, provides maps, pictures, and descriptions of Amtrak and non-Amtrak

CP Rail double-deck commuter train on Lakeshore line in Montreal. For a week CP Rail exchanged equipment with Toronto's GO Transit. CP Rail photograph



From new book "Travel by Train"

routes, services, and "best" places to visit by rail in the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. This 112-page paperback guidebook, 8½x11" may be had for $1.95 from Rand McNally & Co., P.O. Box 7600, Chicago, Ill. 60680. The author is a contributor to *Railroad Magazine,* one of our *Interesting Railfans,,* and editor of the *Rock Island Rocket.* His material is well classified and indexed. This guidebook is useful for travelers and a worthwhile addition to any railroad library.

AMTRAK and Greyhound, which have been feuding in their advertisements and in Congress almost since Amtrak was created, say that travelers will soon be able to buy a single ticket good for both train and bus.

THE CONTROVERSIAL sale of trackage rights over the Long Island's tracks in Kew Gardens, N.Y., a few years ago resulted in the erection of a pair of 20-story residential towers, for which rental will begin this October. Still under construction, the luxury apartment buildings on Union Turnpike are a unique project combining the use of air rights with post-tensioned concrete, pre-cast prestressed concrete, and flat plate construction methods. The $10 million complex will contain a total of 415 apartments with rents ranging from $215 for a studio to $637 for a three-bedroom apartment.

From whistle stop to Roman tepidarium (New York City's Penn Station, demolished 1966) these buildings are an unparalleled document of American art and history. Rendered obsolete and uneconomic by the decline of railroading, they have become an easy victim of the bulldozer.

With the renewed interest in train travel, there should be a little more hope for this rich heritage. As the preservation is a natural corollary of the arguments for mass transportation. As a report just completed for the National Endowment for the Arts points out, the preservation idea is already working. Some sound solutions are being found for the huge classical terminals as well as for minor Victorian depots. Numerous economic techniques are available."

For $4 you can buy a book entitled *Re-Using Railroad Stations* from Educational Facilities Laboratories, 477 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. (EFL is a non-gofit group set up by the Ford Foundation.) The book is paperbacked, has 78 pages, 11x8½", with text matter and 160 b&w photos.

PHOTO of a Pennsy train at Manhattan Transfer, N.J., in our July issue shows—according to Roger Arcara, one of our former assistant editors—a train that has just been brought in electrically from New York City and a steam loco being coupled onto it to draw the train southward. See the man behind the tender and the baggage car. The photo gives two clues as to the direction in which the train was heading: (1) the angle of the sun (note the shadows), shining on the south end of station and train, and (2) the full coal pile in the tender, which would be nearly empty if the loco had just arrived and was ready to be cut off.

"Incidentally," Roger says, "Manhattan Transfer was a station accessible only by train; it had no entrances or exits from outside the railroad. Besides being the place at which the Pennsy exchanged steam and electric locos in the days of its original New York area electrification, the two platforms permitted passengers to transfer between Pennsy and Hudson & Manhattan tube trains. But it was not a destination depot; no tickets were sold to or from it. In 1938 it was eliminated when the PRR's long-distance electrification from New York through to Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Washington went into service."

AMTRAK has filed a civil action in U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C. against Washington Terminal Co. and its railroad owners. They charged the company with taking a $27 million windfall profit from land transactions growing out of the Capital Visitors Center project while,

at the same time, defaulting on a commitment to build a replacement for Union Station. Amtrak asks the court to require the defendants to provide an adequate passenger terminal. The railroads named are the B&O, PC, and the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington, as well as subsidiary corporations.

TO ENTERTAIN young riders waiting for trains at the Amtrak depot in Ann Arbor, Mich., a small library of children's books is maintained by The Ann Arbor Train & Trolley Watchers. Consisting mostly of paperback titles, it is much appreciated by parents as well as children. Borrowers replace the books in the counter-top bookrack before boarding a train. Occasionally one will "take a trip," in which case the reader is asked, via a pasted-in slip, to mail it back to Ann Arbor.

A FEDERAL judge at Newark, N.J., has authorized almost $10 million in state and Federal aid to keep passenger service on the bankrupt Jersey Central running through November 30th. Under its terms the state has agreed to give the railroad a monthly subsidy of $850,000 through November, as well as $2.7-million to rehabilitate track on its Newark-to-Hampton run. The U.S. Railroad Administration is to give an $8 million grant.

ALL-NIGHT service of coffee, sandwiches, and snacks that Amtrak made available on its Florida trains was so well patronized that it has been extended to the following name-trains: the *Empire Builder* and *North Coast Hiawatha,* linking Chicago with Seattle; the *Southwest Limited,* between Chicago and Los Angeles; *San Francisco Zephyr,* also from Chicago; *Sunset Limited,* between New Orleans and Los Angeles; *Panama Limited* New Orleans-Chicago; *Broadway Limited,* New York and Washington to Chicago; *James Whitcomb Riley,* Washington and Newport News to Chicago; the *National Limited,* New York and Washington to Kansas City; the *Coast Starlight,* Los Angeles-Seattle, and the *Montrealer,* from Washington.

CANADIAN NATIONAL prohibits smoking on all its commuter trains. Its effort to do so met with only limited success until fairly recently, when three Montreal commuters took the company to small claims court, seeking damages as a result of CN not enforcing its own regulations. The complainants won their case and were awarded $50 each. Since then the no-smoking rule has been strictly enforced. Prominently-posted signs advise travelers they'll be prosecuted if they smoke aboard commuter trains.

On non-commuter CN trains, non-smokers are separated from those who use tobacco. Usually an entire coach and part of a club car are saved for the non-smokers. As its reservations are computerized, *Turbo* passengers are asked ahead of time if they wish to be seated in the smoking or non-smoking area. On other trains, the crews are relied on to direct non-smoking passengers to the areas set aside for them.

CN's efforts to separate the smokers from non-smokers is part of a general realization by many who abstain from cigarettes, pipas, and cigars they they, too, have some rights. Smokers, they argue, enjoyed a privileged position for far too long.

VICKI BRYDE, age 19, is the first girl to become a waitress on a railway dining car in Canada. She works for Canadian National, is a blue-eyed blonde, and wears a uniform of navy slacks, white jersey, and a blue and white striped apron. Vicki's pay is $3.53 an hour. She lives in Winnipeg.

SAVE the railroad stations—we may need them for Amtrak! We quote from editorial supplied by the National Association of Railroad Passengers: "This is the country of the throwaway civilization. Most conspicuously expendable have been the artifacts of the railroad age, that period of slightly more than half a century that opened the continent, shaped the environment, set the pattern of cities, and built a series of monuments of notable esthetic ambition and engineering ingenuity.

SINCE July 31st, all Amtrak passenger train operations in the Houston, Texas, area have been consolidated into one passenger terminal. The Southern Pacific station in Houston, which serves Amtrak's *Sunset Limited,* is now serving the *Lone Star* as well. The latter had been using the Santa Fe terminal. Since the consolidation, passengers wishing to connect with the *Sunset* for points between New Orleans and Los Angeles, no longer have to change stations.

The southbound *Lone Star* arrived at the SP terminal for the first time on July 31st. It remains in the station overnight, where it is cleaned and serviced by Amtrak maintenance crews, and in the morning it heads northbound for Chicago.

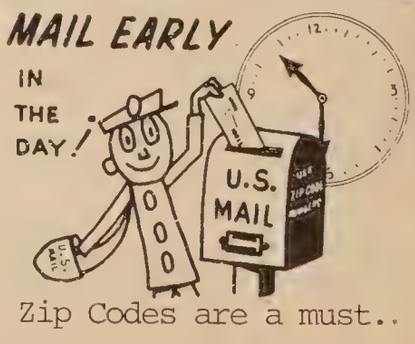
To accommodate the additional passengers, this terminal has been given a new ticket counter and an expanded passenger lounge and baggage room.

ROGER LEWIS, an airline and aerospace executive who was re-elected president of Amtrak and chairman of the board on July 23rd, has no railroad background. The Chicago *Sun-Times* carried a photo of him violating a safety rule by walking along tracks to get around a small crowd that stood on the platform at Chicago's Union Station on June 13th. A recent *Sun-Times* story revealed that Amtrak had spent $600,000 to fly Lewis and other Amtrak executives around the country.

COMMENTING on an item about trains stopping twice at the same station, William C. Kessel of Hamburg, N.Y., writes: "Yeah, Canadian National passenger trains in the Maritimes use radio to set up double stops at stations, and indeed have been using radio for many years in arranging many things. When a Montreal-Ottawa train stopped between stations some months ago it was to close an unsecured door of a coach; one train had radioed the fixed point to tell the passenger crew.

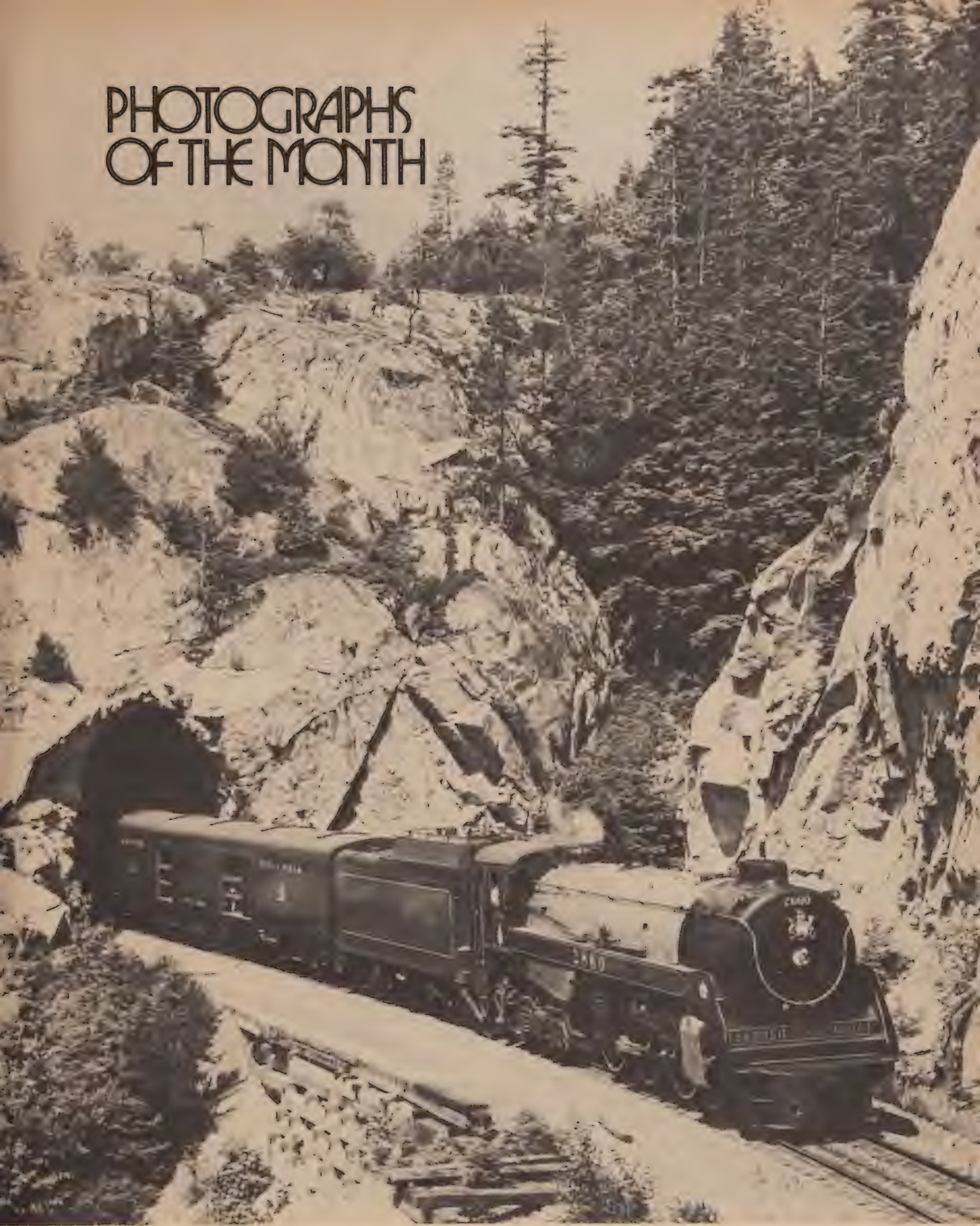
"Of course, double and even triple station stops set up by hand or lantern signals are old stuff. In the mid-50's it seemed that the airlines would be grounded by fog at least one major holiday. A New York Central train was more than three hours late at East Aurora, N.Y. largely because the long train made multiple stops.

"But the worst double stop was perhaps at Waterford, Ontario, one Sunday morning when Michigan Central 335 had a two coaches of passengers who wanted to get off the south side of tracks. A freight had stopped there, blocking egress except for a cut about two car-lengths long. The communication system is very slow-acting, and takes several seconds for each transmission from cord to locomotive. The enginemen did not stop quite at the gap. The brakeman blew three whistle blasts to back up. But that the enginer (remember that the curve and the freight cars were blocking vision) assumed it would be okay to go ahead with passengers unloaded. In all, with getting the train stopped at the gap, 10 to 20 minutes were spent.' ●



Zip Codes are a must..

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH



Passenger Extra 2860 South roars out of the tunnel at milepost 32.7 on the Squamish subdivision of the British Columbia Railway and along the rockbound coastline of Howe Sound last July 16th.

Michael Wilkie, 595 Leaside Ave., Victoria, B.C. V8Z 2K9, Canada.

This rotary plow has cut through countless snowdrifts on the Norwegian State Railways.

Amtrak's *North Coast Hiawatha* **at Red Wing, Minn., last July 20th. Note the now-obsolete GN goat.**

Charles Lavalle, 1465 Clarence St., St. Paul, Minn. 55106

Mirrored in a pool of rainwater, an eastbound Lehigh Valley freight passed through Mendon, N.Y., last March 4th. Behind GP-18 unit No. 303 was the 301, which had an experimental red and yellow band.

Paul J. Templeton, P.O. Box 111, Mendon, N.Y. 14506

Photograph by Robert L. Hogan

Yreka Western No. 19, working the regular freight train in Sept. '71, heads for Montague, California.

Basking in the sun beside the old Grand Trunk Railroad station at Battle Creek, Mich., is Grand Trunk Western 4-8-4 No. 6325, long since retired and put on display, dreaming the years away.

John Uckley, 414 West 4th St., Monroe, Mich. 48161

Robert W. Streich, 679 Saginaw Ave., Calumet City, Illinois 60409

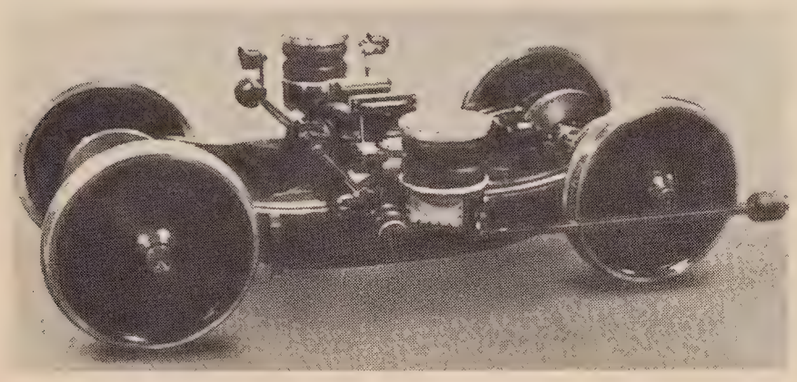
Sheila Mane and her bike are stopped at Burnham, Illinois, by a "thermos bottle" train temporarily blocking the road as it heads south over the Bernice cutoff from steel mills on Chicago's South Side.

Miss Pretty-Face, an unidentified British Rail technician, is traveling in the test coach *Mercury* to check the performance of the automatic transponder monitoring equipment. This is part of BR's train-control research. Its purpose is to aid locomotive engineers by bringing into the cab and displaying to the crew information on signals, speed restrictions, etc. The *Mercury* is a mobile laboratory with a diesel generator to drive its technical equipment, also catering facilities for the staff. (Right) A London-Birmingham express about to pass over the transpounder shown in lower left corner.

British Rail photographs

Standard Wheel of Burnham, Pa., is making wheels for 300 cars for the subway being built in Washington, D.C., and scheduled to begin running next June.

256 MILES PER HOUR SETS NEW WORLD RECORD FOR RAILROAD SPEED!



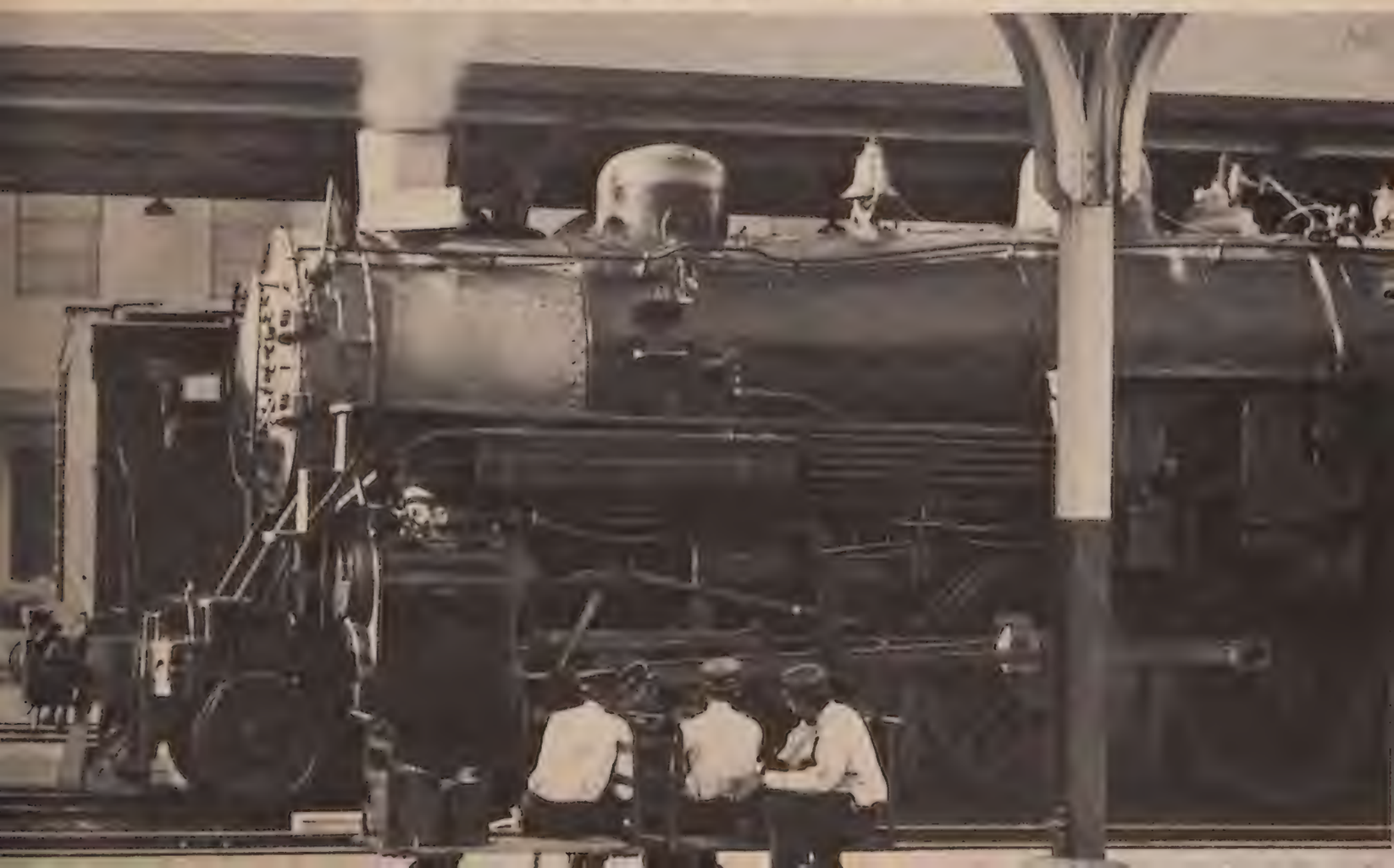
The highest previous rail speed record was 205.7 mph made experimentally with electric power in 1955 on the French National Railways. That great achievement was eclipsed last August 14th by the U.S. Department of Transportation's jet-assisted Linear Induction Motor Research Vehicle (above) on the tangent and curved test tack at Pueblo, Colo., using special trucks (left) designed and built by Budd Company. The trucks are an advanced version of the now-famous Pioneer III model trucks which Budd introduced in 1957 to provide air-spring suspension for railroad passenger cars. This new record should influence plans for future rail passenger service.

Bob Yanosey, 40 Hendel Ave., North Arlington, N.J.

N.Y., Susquehanna & Western commuter train with loco 236, RS-1, at Little Ferry, N.J., in July 1966.

Another view of Penn Central's Overbrook station that is pictured on our front cover.
Photograph by Bob Storks

Cameraman Alan Dale of Milwaukee titled this undated old shot "Between Trains." Who can supply details?



Watching Penn Central train at Toledo, Ohio, oldtimer recalls his younger days.

John Uckley, 414 W. 4th St., Monroe, Mich. 48161

A BOOMER'S DIARY

by James B. Relyea

WHEN YOU get up in years, you begin to figure on a rocking-chair and the pension checks coming in every month. That is, if you're lucky enough to be a home guard. But I was a boomer. I spent the prime of life wandering from one road to another, one firing job to another, and from one girl to another; and long ago the brass collars said I was too old to be hired again.

I put in more time than most home guards, but did I get a pension? Not me! I had to quit before the Retirement Act went into effect. So all I have to show for a lifetime of railroading are a few smudged and badly-folded service letters and a stack of grimy, dog-eared diaries.

Yes, I kept a diary. Whenever I saw or heard something I felt was worth mentioning, I jotted it down. Thus I piled up a mass of dope on events that happened while I was working on the rail. I have held onto this stuff a long time. Now and then I loaned it out to oldtimers. Usually the junk came back a little dirtier than before, harder to read, and with pages missing.

Finally I sent it to the editor of *Railroad Magazine*. After puzzling over my hen-tracks, he replied:

"Why don't you write English? You have a lot of interesting material, but I can't make head or tail of it. Tell us your story, based on this diary. Just the plain facts. Use real names, dates, places. Fill in the missing gaps from memory. Make it read smoothly."

Well, here it is, overhauled as he said. Although the diary doesn't begin that far back, I came by railroading honestly. I was born in West Albany, N.Y., on a hill overlooking the New York Central freight yard, and my father was a conductor on the varnished trains. Never mind about the date. It was quite some time after Grant took Richmond.

One day when I was about 16 the old man disappeared. He had been gambling and was flush with money. Where he went to, Mom and I didn't know; but we never saw him again. My mother was very much upset. We needed cash, for one thing.

So I said: "Cheer up, Mom. I'll get a job."

I hit the Central's master mechanic, John Beiler, for a job firing. He asked how old I was and I said glibly, "Eighteen." He told me I looked rather young, but he hired me. For six years I tossed real estate into New York Central fireboxes. First yard goats, then I was promoted to road service.

FIRING had no glamour in steam days. You hooked and shook, threw rotten slack into the rathole, and leveled it off with that 16-foot invention of the devil, the hook, redhot to within a foot of the handle. You learned to shut the door real quick, for an instant's delay brought curses from the right-hand side. You tried to get a tankful of water at a slow drizzle, nursing the blisters on your palms; and after countless hours you got home to sit in the dark and ease your smarting eyes while you soaked your hams in oil.

I remember the day I fell asleep in the icehouse track and let the fire die on the smoky end of 35 cars of raw meat. As I look back on that gloomy incident, it seems that all the brass collars for leagues around gathered around to can me. Thus I became a boomer.

Nothing exciting ever happened; the boomer's life was just a grind. For 25 years I never owned anything but an Elgin or Ingersoll open-faced watch. But I was crazy about railroading. Even now, in my brain, I can still hear the mighty music of long-gone mountain-climbers pounding up a grade. Pictures come into my mind—yards at night, the lurch of an engine cab at high speed, and the half-dark of a rumbling caboose with shaded lights and shadows of men lounging with their feet braced against a sudden shock. I loved it. In those distant days the thought of being a throttle artist with a hog of my own was life's most wonderful dream.

One thing made me different from other boomers: that diary of mine. Guys would see me scribbling and they'd ask, "Why waste time on a diary?" My stock reply was, "I'm keeping a diary on account of the wreck at Royalston Hill."

MY FIRST entry, dated March 6th, 1900, tells about that. It happend, in Boston, Mass. I was then a first-class brakeman as well as a fireman. This I could prove from a bunch of Brotherhood receipts. When I asked "Whiskers" Kimball, master maniac of the Fitchburg Railroad (now Boston & Maine), for a job spading the black diamonds, he pulled his bushy beard and grunted, "You back again?"

Then he turned to his clerk. "How often has this tramp worked here? Let him fill out the blank."

A fine way to treat an ace fireman! I went upstairs in disgust and told trainmaster Ingerham I wanted to go braking on the Fitchburg. He took me on right away. It was still winter, and snow was piled on the right-of-way.

One morning, after a few trips, the caller pulled me out of the hay at 5:10 for a 5:30 call. Those callers got a big kick out of routing you from a warm bed and then sticking by so you couldn't throw a slug of rye down your throat. I caught Nelse Garret as the big ox (conductor, so called from the first initial in the words "Order of Railway Conductors," and "Skinny" Slavin as the hog driver. We had a student smoke-maker in the cab and a second-trip Vermont farmer as my pal in the caboose Everything but the yard office was tied on our tail when Nelse threw a highball. We made the high tower at 11:50. Then I strolled up to ride the head end. Skinny blew off and jerked her

tail out a mile. A lung came out behind the second car. I had to wade around in the snow to kick it back while Gaffney, the assistant trainmaster, repeated the history of all Skinny's relations.

Leaving Gardner, I took the scoop to let the coal-tosser rest. We were just west of Miller's Falls when I saw the hind end of a stopped train coming swiftly toward us. Skinny was asleep, snoring like a son of a bitch, and the fireboy had his eyes closed.

I yelled, "Jump!"

We were on our way to the cinders when the old hog climbed *smash! boom! bang!* into the buggy and two cars. Paddy Doran, the flagman had done a bit of short flagging on account of his having other duties—namely, cooking meals, but it took Skinny a month to pull the cinders out of his mug.

WHISKERS came down on the big hook, glared at Skinny, and growled: "Well, what happened, Slavin? Talk fast! All you had to do was shut her off."

He put us all on the carpet, in the hack, but everybody lied as usual. Two hours wasted. Oh, I almost forgot. One of the busted freight cars shook out a lot of new diary books. We each got an armful. So that was how I come to lug this thing around in my shirt and write in it every few days.

After the wreck we got another old plug. I took the head end. The engine crew was worn out and they scrapped all the way, till the coal artist finally snapped at the hog driver: "Get up on your roost, you big slob, or I'll throw you out of the window!" He got up.

In those days the railroad had boom times. We pulled into Boston at 2.35 a.m., after going 147 miles in 23 hours. Then we slept, but only for two hours.

The caller barged in the door and said in one breath: "Rise and shine! Twenty-eight cars on Number 7 three cars of airbrakes, and what have you got on your hip?"

So there you have a typical day in a boomer's life. Plenty of work, but never enough sleep! You needed a hooker of rotgut to keep your eyes open. After hunting for links and pins to hold the drag together, we took turns sleeping. I nearly choked while we were streaming through the tunnel, as I had left the doghouse window open.

At Ayer, a branch-line goat held us. So I went foraging. I came back with a keg of oysters that had been set out on the sidewalk and looked lonesome. That day we had oyster stew without milk. Our flagman was "Frenchy" La Flam, a great cook. He knew every henhouse along the pike and served fried chicken with delicious hot buttered biscuits. I ate till I almost bust. Just in time, too! The runner stopped suddenly—a not uncommon occurrence. The damned stove broke loose, and Frenchy burnt his hand trying to stop it from going out the door.

On March 10th, 1900, we found an unidentified dead man on the rails. He'd been killed in the night. *This pike is my hoodoo,* I said to myself, wondering if I could get an engine on the B&A.

Well, in May I got my check, paid up everybody, and headed to South Station. On the way met Marty Weller. We set out to see Boston by moonlight. In case you don't know it, there were ladies of the night roaming around Boston in those days.

GIVE almost any boomer a couple of bones and he couldn't stick on the job. The only exception I can think of was "Dirty" Stayle, a gent who had just a single idea in his cranium: he wanted to run an engine. One time when he was going east with a stock train, a thick fog lay along the track. The enginemen were on their toes, as they had a clearance and couldn't see the smokestack ahead.

Then suddenly Stayle yelped "Stop her, Joe!"

After giving her the works, the hogger glared at Dirty. "What's the big idea?"

Looking dumber than usual, Stayle mumbled, "Something told me to get off." Joe scratched his curly hair and asked the head shack to walk out in front. In less than no time he was back, breathless.

"A hind end is only a car-length in front of us!" he cried. "There's a fast symbol freight ditched at the Whitesboro station!"

The sudden stop had knocked their hind brakeman cold, and the con was on the head end with nobody to flag. Hearing the story, a trainmaster said: "Any man who has such a hunch is a good man."

That was the end of Dirty's booming. In due time he was patting the *Twentieth Century Limited* on the back.

A few days later, Marty and I set out for Jersey City. We rode the smoker, got off in Bridgeport, Conn., for a "life saver," and then grabbed a crummy. Over in J.C. we cleaned up and hit the hay. Then I borrowed Jack Shufelt's watch and went up to Weehawken, N.J., to hit the West Shore for a job. The trainmaster, McCoy, made a crack about "bums."

"You've worked here fifty times in the last five years," he said.

I got sore. "It was only 20." That also was a big exaggeration.

But his clerk tossed an application blank at me. I made some hen scratches on it. Every place they were throwing those lousy forms at us. At first the gang would walk out and hunt for a pike that didn't want a college education. Then, for a while, we'd give some bird a quarter to write out the sheet. Once, on the Lake Shore I wrote, "Damn if I know," to a lot of questions; and an old baldhead made me write it over.

A favorite question used to be, "What would you do if the engine wouldn't steam?'' Some answered, "Polish the bell" or "Paint the stack." One wise-guy wrote, "Buy real coal." I guess everybody knows what a certain boomer said in answer to the question, "What do you do when you find a dead body on the right-of-way?" He wrote, "Go through the pockets."

After the clerk at Weehawken had shoved my application blank in a hole and phoned a guy to mark me up, I went over to Mrs. Yvonne Touchard's French hashhouse on West 39th Street, New York City.

"Oh, I remember you," she said with a knowing smile; so I had to pay a week in advance.

Yvonne had Parisian charm, but was too businesslike to suit me.

CALLED at four a.m., I stuffed my pockets with free lunch in a gin mill while I bought a beer, and landed over at Weehawken about 4.30. The whole gang howled about my being late. We were given 32 empties and a little pig so rickety that we were afraid we'd die of old age before we made Ravenna. Those cabbage-cutters couldn't do over 25 miles an hour even with a cyclone pushing them along. I often wondered what they were built for. As we hustled to find links and pins I was thinking that my wages of a couple bucks per 100 miles wouldn't pay for food and shelter.

The crew were all from Haverstraw, N.Y., and that means Matt Kennedy, the big ox, and Jerry Walton, the eagle eye; also the flagman and the smoke-maker. We got the board at 5.10. Matt threw out hints for me to write up his reports.

"Nothing doing," I told him. "This old hack rides like an ice-wagon over a frozen road."

We had a student brakeman, or so I thought. Matt asked him: "Did you hear the new rule? A student is not allowed to be killed on a rainy day unless the section gang is nearby with a shovel."

The guy replied with some kind of wisecrack. After leaving Bogota I changed my mind about him. We broke in two, and the "student" made a jump for the chain locker. Student, like a sow's left hind tit!

I rode the head end from Kingston, N.Y. Engineer Jerry Walton was so big and fat that he could have worn the engine for a watch charm. He looked like one of those pot-bellied stoves you see in country stations. That halfwit waited until he was under a red bug, then he grabbed the Johnson bar to steady himself and gave her the works. I nearly flew out the front window.

"I am going to sit behind you," I warned him, "and if I see any more funny business such as running away when I am off to get a clearance, there's gonna be trouble."

After that Jerry Walton kept an eye on me whenever he shut off.

"I never knew a hogger who had any brains," I wrote in my diary. "They get baked out from firing rotten freight hogs for twenty years."

YOU WOULD have thought Ravenna yard was private, judging from dirty looks the yard crew gave when you handed them a 30-car drag and they had room for only ten. I thought of asking for a job running an engine on the Lehigh Valley and I wondered what my name was the last time I worked there.

Says the diary: "I been booming five years and should get an engine."

But my shiny old girl was always some place else. On pay day I jumped the West Shore, and the only regret noted in the dear diary is: "I wish I had gone to college like McCoy. I can still hear him yelling at me down in the ferryhouse and my words didn't fit nice like his."

Dave Linn and I then meandered up to Albany on the Delaware & Hudson to talk with the brass collars of North Pearl Street. After a few persuasive words I was given a job of braking. Later I rented a shabby little room which my diary says was located in the slums of South Pearl Street. That was on the 28th of June in 1900.

Next morning at six a.m. I was called out of my rickety little brass bed for a drag to Oneonta, N.Y. Well, we drew all the empty gons in the yard. Mulhern, the yardmaster, a guy with a voice like a bull, hollered for us to get going. When he recognized me, he yelled: "You'd put any train on the bum!"

No wonder things went wrong all that day. We had a Mother Hubbard engine. You know, the kind that some guys call Camelbacks. Al Penny was the hoghead, and we crawled up the hill to Delmar, N.Y., at the rate of two miles per week. But those double-humped iron horses could even walk over a level road.

The flagman owned a solid nickel Ingersoll watch; and I bought one, too, so I wouldn't have to borrow a ticker every time I hit a job where they asked for it. The turnip cost me a buck in a hock shop. I was paid $1.90 for those eighty miles. Up till about 1912 the four-track pikes never expected a shack or a fireboy to have a timepiece. (Today, I understand, they actually have wrist watches). You didn't need one to follow a crummy along the same track. There you got by with a tin watch, unless you were a hog driver or a number grabber.

AMONG my fondest possessions is a ten-dollar Elgin that hasn't run since 1914. An assistant super gave it to me. I was on the hind end of a wreck extra above Tarrytown, N.Y. We were pulling some cars off a new 'gine when our plug had to run for water with the hack backing up. The assistant had finished his coffee and doughnuts. He stepped out on a platform with me just as we came in sight of a corpse on the middle track. A man had been cut in two!

I promptly gave the washout as a sign to "hold everything," and I got off, but the assistant unexpectedly toppled over on me. He soon revived. Then he swooned again, three times in ten minutes! Said he: "I faint at the sight of blood."

Next day the squeamish official waited hours for me to arrive. When I came in, he took me to one side and gave me the watch.

"Nothing happens here," I wrote in my diary. "Trains run well, so I won't stay long. Guess I will hit the BR&P (Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh) in Buffalo. Those guys are always shifting around. Somebody might give me an engine," I added hopefully.

My next entry was made at Albany on September 15th, 1900. I had been firing there for a week and had found the Jersey Central a real job. Clarkson, the master mechanic, worked your head off 12 hours in every 24 on a yard goat for a measly $1.70 a day. He scowled when I asked for a job.

"You're worse than Paddy's flea," he said curtly, "And you won't stick anyway. But write up an application and go see the doc."

That medico graft was new to

me. The doc had me strip, asked a lot of fool questions, and poked my belly with his fingers. Then okayed me.

"In a few years," I penned in the diary, "nobody but a college prof will be able to get a job shoveling coal into a firebox."

LIVING in a cheap hotel, I often wondered what kind of stuff I ate. They might have heard of water, but I drank beer at meals, and the tin bathtub was full of broken chairs.

I caught an engineer named "Greasy" Held and we shoved varnish wagons around the passenger yard. When Greasy went over to the ferryhouse I came pretty close to being a hogger, but Clarkson saw me handling both jobs and he muttered, "What the hell!"

He went over and told the goat's head: "Don't trust that guy! He's a boomer and would run your six-wheeler off the dock for a joke."

There was a lot of activity in the yard. Mostly bad. One day a young switchman got killed. The next day an experienced man lost two fingers and a Reading loco side-swiped a train. Such things kept me from getting bored.

One September day I was called for a fast Camelback run to Philadelphia. The regular fireman had a cramp from eating green apples. My instructions were: "Start work on the camel and get her hot." The engineer said: "Stop the fan!" It seems the blower was not used to those fast babies.

Well, I had her hot by the time we got the highball. We slid through the yard with four cars as if they were greased. Leaving Bound Brook, N.J., the milesposts flew by at 48 seconds each. We made Wayne Junction okay and pulled into Reading Terminal on the dot.

"I'll stick in Philly for the rest of my life," I jotted down. "In ten or fifteen years, with luck, I'll have age enough to hold down a two-hour flyer. I stop booming now."

When I wrote that I must have been crazy. On November 4th I was called to ride a Jersey Central engine light to Plainfield and pick up a Reading Camelback whose fireboy was hurt. The Reading eagle-eye was glad to see me. I poked her hot and we set sail. Then the steam went back.

The hero stuck his ugly mug out of his hole. "Who says you're a fireman?"

That made me mad. "I'll get her hot," I retorted. "You just crawl back into your coop."

So I put on the fan and was building up a good fire when the old boy came over and said: "Get the junk pile hot! We have to back off for a varnish in ten minutes."

I worked hard to create fog enough to move, but the stubborn clock stuck at 125. The con came up then shot off his mouth. That really got me riled. I knocked him back in the coal. Then the head brakeman gave me a wallop to make me dizzy, but I caught him on the jaw and out he went.

The hogger yelped, "No water!" He scrambled off the cab and the others followed real fast. I was scared for a minute. However, I took a chance and went up in the cab, put her on center and opened the throttle a bit. Water showed, so I turned on the squirt and had her half filled. The crew returned. They found plenty of water and the clock going up. Soon we had enough to move, but meanwhile we had stabbed the fast one fourteen minutes.

NOW WE COME to midnight of November 3rd, 1900. I caught the big hook for a pile-up in Phillipsburg, N.J. Of all the crazy runners, Francis Murphy won the tin earmuffs. Going through Bound Brook, the crane did a cakewalk and the hook damn near touched the ground rattling over the bridges.

Murphy was doing better than sixty. The wrecking boss threw a fit. When we passed High Bridge, the branch engine crew ran back from the tracks. The wreck was a beaut. A double-humped Camelback lay on top of 30 cars. Fourteen hours of easy money—but what I really wanted was an engine to run.

After two months with the Jersey Central I got tired of looking at the Statue of Liberty all day, doing a hotfoot for 12 hours, having ten beers, and then falling into the hay dead tired; so late in November I pulled the pin.

I made a couple of trips on the Lehigh Valley to get a stake, but the trainmaster concluded: "You have mud where brains ought to be, and flagging is not done by sitting on the crummy drawbar."

So I journeyed over to New York, where it cost a buck to sleep in a dirty joint on Sixth Avenue, and I strolled up to Mott Haven yard. I knew I could always get on there, and I lived at Mrs. Conover's place on 126th Street. She was plump and good-natured.

Railroad tramps lay all over the dump, trying to catch up on sleep. Mrs. C had 15 boarders and they all looked starved. I bet they didn't eat much on the wages the New York Central was paying then. A bulbous-nosed gent named Mike Gunnion was wearing fringe on his pants and a ten-cent cap, and he hadn't lost a day in forty years. Old as he was, he liked to pinch Mrs. C's behind.

WE WERE assigned to goat Number 122. She must have had a million leaks, so we spent more time taking water than working. The drivers were full of flat spots that jolted my slats every time the old girl slipped. I had a wager with Mike that the 122 would fall apart.

"If you think this one is bad," he grinned, "you haven't seen the others."

A few days later I was again making smoke on the Boston & Albany at the New York State captial. My job was to throw something which the company claimed was coal into a firebox stuck on the bottom of an engine. If you kept hurling the stuff in for 97 years the hungry box was still ready for more. Many a time I'd toss in enough to fill the lousy hole and take a quick look to see where it had gone. Thereupon the big bum up on the right side, "Dutch" Mossy, would laugh like hell. All he ever did was sleep and chew tobacco.

That streak of rust was a boomer's nightmare—wasted time and no mileage. Called for a drag one night before I could climb in the hay, I got up to West

Albany and blew the engine hot for the hog-maúler. After we hooked on to the string and started down the hill, Dutch began talking to his hog.

"He always does that," said the head shack, tapping his cranium.

That should have been a ten-track pike; there were trains on the hill as far as I could see their smoke. In four hours we made just 15 miles to the village of Niverville, N.Y., and Ductch said: "That's good time up from Renssalaer with a dead stop at the roundhouse."

Halting for water, we found the drags ahead had got it, so we waited patiently for another hour.

"There's trains all the way to Pittsfield and they're single-trackin' the fast boys around us," said the O.R.C. (member of the Order of Railway Conductors). "I am goin' to Australia where they know how to run trains."

He cussed steadily while I dug a square mile of clinkers out of the rathole. At Chatham we backed off for everything else on the pike. Twenty-three miles in eight hours—a blind man could have crawled and beaten us! At $2.20 for a hundred miles I would owe myself money by the time we anchored in West Springfield, Massachusetts.

While the old iron pounded up the hills, our hoghead put the Johnson bar down in the corner of his cab, leaned back, and dozed. Well, after many hours we finally made West Springfield. Boomer luck! All the bunks were full at the Y, so Dutch Mossy and I slept on the floor—for three hours—till we were called back to work.

On the return trip Dutch bought about 17 drinks. That changed our luck. We jumped two crews having engine failure, single-tracked past three others, and owned the rails to Renssalaer. But when we arrived merrily at the yard some bird gave a *come-ahead* sign and a big E (engineer) on a goat proceeded at the same time as we did. Naturally, we met in a nasty sideswipe.

Hours later, the hook had pulled the goat off our tank. I lied like the devil to cover up Dutch and—well, I was cut off the B&A payroll and resumed the life of a tramp.

More than six months passed before the next entry in my diary, June 8, 1901. It was penned at Philadelphia, where I had gone through a helluva lot of monkey business to land a job scooping hard coal into Philadelphia & Reading hump-backed power. In order to qualify me, the master mechanic's clerk had fun making me pick out colored strings and squint at a lot of letters on a card. At length he said: "Go to Reading, Pa., and see Jim Turk."

I went there. Jim told me to get marked up at Pottsville. I was number six on the list. That noon they called me for a string of coal to Port Richmond. We had a good engine, hot all the time, but this pike, like all the others in those days, had too many trains on it. The hog driver saved my life by giving me some grub from his feed-box while we were standing in the parade.

Past Bridgeport, Pa., he said: "Tie on your ears, for I Jimmie, can run them now."

POTTSVILLE is an old-fashioned coal town in the hills. It seemed everybody there was a miner or a rail, but the food was great. After a ten-hour rest playing pedro, I was called for a coal drag. I ambled over to the station. But instead of the drag, I was assigned to a string of varnish, and I went to Philadelphia. This is what happened. The regular smoke artist of that train had just fallen off the back of the tank, hurting himself.

They grabbed me and said: "Get your hat and coat off that old plug in a hurry and fire this run to Philadelphia."

As I climbed onto the fast locomotive, the runner chuckled: "Keep her hot, boy, and you can eat dinner at Philly in style."

Well, we pulled into the Quaker City on time, as the hump-backed teakettle steamed well. There we filled our bellies with a big juicy steak, potatoes, and thin-crusted apple pie, and downed a few cold beers; and later caught a varnish back.

After I'd been nine times out I was at the depot swapping lies with a skirt, redheaded, full-bosomed, and thick-lipped, when the caller saw me.

"Hey, you tramp!" he bawled. "If you want to work, get up there on that 236! They're ready to go." I tried to get her hot—the engine, that is, althought I was still thinking of the dame—but the clock wouldn't say 100, no matter how much I slaved. The hogger tried it, too; and even the head brakeman took a crack—but no use! Then we got off and told an old gent named Witman that the plug wouldn't steam. Witman had been at Camden, N.J., in the summer. He knew that I was a top-notch fireman.

We pounded along to Reading, in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. The engineer carried enough grub for a week. This was fine, for a Bridgeport we were held up by a narrow-gage car which had turned over right in front of us with 100 tons of pig iron on top of it. We were delayed so long that the brains sneaked over to his home at Norristown just in time to miss the trainmaster, Van Buren, who jumped all over the drag looking for him.

Van inquired of me: "Where's the conductor?"

"He's around here some place," I said vaguely.

"You're a liar!"growled the T.M.

So there was nothing for me to do to vindicate my honor but plug him in the beak. He reeled, groggy, while a couple of guys seized me.

Later, Jim Turk took me to task for it. "You'll never work on the Reading again," he said. "You just can't sock a trainmaster in the nose."

One September day in 1901 I stopped off at Wilkes-Barre; but a bullheaded Dutchman who was traveling fireman for the Lehigh Valley said: "Tramp firemen are no good. They can't be depended upon."

Later at Sayre, Pa., I saw various brass collars and failed to land a job. The super's clerk advised me to go to Buffalo, N.Y. He had heard that a lot of railroad men died there of influenza. So I grabbed train Number 13 and got off at Syracuse. Men were dying all over the place. The trainmaster on the West Shore. I found to my

digust, was a lug named McCoy whom I knew well.

When I hit him for a job of making smoke, he didn't throw the office cat at me but merely said: "No, and when did you wash last?"

Things must have been bad; for when I got on a passenger loco at the station to ride down to the roundhouse, the fireboy asked: "Where did you come from?" Evidently he was afraid I'd give him the flu.

"I need men," said a brass coller named Hogan, 'but won't hire anyone now. Come around in a month."

So I ambled down to DeWitt, in New York State. There I found an even more dubious situation. The master mechanic, a lean sandy-haired guy named Herb, was actually glad to see me.

"Mark him up," he told the clerk.

No spelling bees to write or anything. I felt good. But one look at the board filled me with dismay. I saw that I was the only man, while 23 trains were ready to pull out and only half the crews had been called! I knew the flu had got plenty of good rails. So I highballed out of town in a jiffy.

BACK AT Albany, I landed another job firing. I felt sure that if only the epidemic would keep up and if I lived 100 years I'd be stoking the *Empire State Express* before the undertaker got me. Anyhow, here I was, back on the old four-track canal, worse off than ever on account of the trick engines the Central was then using.

In the diary I wrote: "These new compounds tear your heart out. They use the same steam twice; first in the small cylinder, then in the big one, if it can get by all the leaks. Inside the firebox, leaking flues look like a shower bath. There ought to be two men to fire each hog and a big hook to pull out the clinkers."

I got called very soon with Ed Hinter, an engineer who cussed compounds all the way to the office.

The master mechanic told us: "You get a 2300 compound." He gave a nasty laugh. "You might make St. Johnsville by two o'clock next week. Al Hemstreet covered 16 miles in five hours last night." Skinny Hank Nelson was the conductor. When he saw our nice new compound he did a war dance.

"The train crew ought to be called when the iron mule get out of the yard," he chortled. "They could still catch the hind end."

At 20 miles an hour the new compound rocked like a ship in a stormy sea. The short grade slowed us. Our steam clock went back. Water sank low.

"Give her the hook," howled the engineer. "Fill the rear corners."

I saw him let her down a few notches. My back developed a new kink. My gloves wouldn't last much longer—the redhot hook charred my palms. At the same time the glare and heat hurt my eyes, while the long hook seemed to weigh a ton.

Steam was leaking all over, obscuring the view. If the head brakeman hadn't ridden out on the pilot we'd have slammed into a drag at South Schenectady. Well, we started down the hill with the head man in front again. Our clanking engine sounded like a tinshop in an earthquake, and the dogs in passing farms hid under the houses. At Amsterdam, where the yard goat was working by the broom factory, we suddenly felt a bump.

The switching engineer. Sager, moaned: "I didn't know that you guys were in the block."

He had come out of the house track and cracked into us fifteen cars back. He must have been blind not to have seen our cloud of steam.

SOMETIMES life was so tough that not even the hope of getting my own engine meant very much. One trip out we had forty cars and two pushers up the hill.

Said the hogger: "Tie on your bonnets tight, boys, and I'll catch the *Empire State* at Utica."

He jerked her tail out, so that we roared into Utica in good time, the best trip I ever made on the NYC. I liked firing those fast freights. On the return we saw a wreck. Number 11 had jumped the track and plowed into a caboose, sending to glory two men named Gourley and Wilkes, who had been getting ready to sleep. The engine was on her side, the crummy in splinters. Everyone seemed to be looking for bodies. The very thought of what might happen to me some day was gruesome.

We went along behind the parade to Canastota tagged eight trains back to St. Johnsville for coal and water, and waited for an hour for water at Tribes Hill. Then we did the Amsterdam yard crew's work to get one car, because they were lazy. After a long wait we got in the West Albany yard—147 miles in 24 hours. When I ambled over to the "Y" I saw a brass collar named Slade drinking coffee. He sneered at me.

"Hey, tramp! Are you working on a railroad or in a distillery?"

How could a man fire superannuated hogs with imitation coal and not have a shot or two so as to forget them? All I did was slave like the hero of Uncle Tom's Cabin for 20 hours, get two hours' sleep, and do it all over again.

By January 20th, 1902, I was toiling for another four-track canal out of Philadelphia, meanwhile boarding with Mrs. Sophronia Morrow on 40th Street. The lady wasn't looking at all well. Laboring day and night, she wouldn't last another year, I decided. At least, the cold boiled potatoes and fat pork would kill all her boarders.

My first call in Philly was for a Morristown company coal drag. We had to shuffle everything in the yard to get them together. Mickey Marowney was a hustler for the company. "Hurry up now. Morristown is waiting!" he'd say every few minutes: but we were three hours getting out and it took us nine hours to make 34 miles! That was what was happening all over the U.S. in those days.

A COUPLE of years rolled past. One April day, when robins were scouting for worms and the cherry trees were in full bloom, I dropped off in Cincinnati. There I got a hitch on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton and was called for an ice special. While I was limbering up my muscles, the master mechanic, Bill Potter, changed his mind.

"Put a student on the ice and the boomer on a drag," he droned.

That day the ice train cracked into the rear end of another train, landing the fireboy in a Daytona hospital, surrounded by sweet-faced nurses in white uniforms.

"Adventure," I noted in the diary, "is giving me the run-around."

About the time I was ready to chuck the whole thing, I was finally given the thrill of running my own engine. She was not exactly the boiler of my dreams, though. I had gone to Los Angeles and there on April 26th, 1903, had drifted into master mechanic Garvin's office to hit him for an engine. To my amazement, the old walrus didn't blow up.

"Could you run a goat out on the San Pedro harbor job?" he asked.

I grabbed the edge of the desk so as not to fall dead. Into my mind chuffed a neat, snappy, new six-wheeler with myself sitting up in the window, occasionally moving dump cars a couple of feet.

"Sure!" I grinned. "I could even run the new Baldwin oil hogs."

Garvin laughed harshly. "Better try the San Pedro job first. Go to Wilmington, California, and tell Mr. Crawford to try you out."

I grabbed a rattler bound for the the harbor. There Crawford asked me a lot of fool questions, but I was wise to the fact that most of the boomers had gone east for the summer. When he finally said, "Okay," I strolled over to the job and found Number 3, my engine.

She was the worst disappointment I ever had. A very small pile of scrap, a four-wheeler, she was caked with mud and rust from flanges to the rim of her stack. She looked like a filthy turtle—no doubt about this being a dredging job.

My tallowpot was a young kid and my conductor looked like an old bag of bones. We went to work dragging dinky dump cars full of mud from one spot to another. Handling the little goat, I wished I was at the throttle of a real hog. The very thought made me sick.

AT LENGTH, ten hours of this stinking mockery, I parked the turtle. The kid folded up the fire, while the brains (meaning the conductor) took me home to his boarding house in Wilmington.

"I was always a first-class fireman, and now I'm a first-class engineer," says the entry of April 30th, 1903. "Any swab who calls me a greasy plug-puller will get a swift clout in the jaw. Hero and eagle-eye are okay, but I won't stand for funny cracks from jealous tramps."

One day when I had the engine off the track only twice, a bunch of boomers came out to see me handle the job and they laughed like fools.

"Sure, I'll give you a fast run as soon as I get to be master mechanic," said Bill Dwyer.

But he was kidding—that would be at least 20 years from now. The more mud I slung around, the more difference I saw between my job and that of a real engineer. The boys were talking about the new Western Pacific then being built in northern California.

What the hell! I thought, *I'm a seasoned throttle-jerker now and that's the spot for me.*

So I pulled the pin on the San Pedro line and ran up to Oakland. It was a bust. They wouldn't even give me a crack at tiring—so full of boomers. By June of 1904 I was in Kansas City firing for the Cupples Stations, a private freight yard that shifted cars like a belt line. This job wasn't good, but it kept my pie-card operating.

JULY found me hanging around Chicago. I began to think the trainmasters had blacklisted me as they all said, "Nothing doing." For three rainy days I worked on the Illinois Central, riding the hump at $1.90 for 12 hours, and finally chucked it in disgust. On July 15th I hit the Milwaukee for a job of braking, and went out with a big O.R.C. who thought he owned the road.

About daylight the pleasant sputter of eggs and bacon could be heard on the little old stove. Their aroma filled the caboose. We stopped. I hated to leave that breakfast, even for a couple of minutes. Even so, I grabbed my red lamp and hiked plenty far back to flag, as I knew a train was coming.

A big rusty engine clanked along. To my annoyance, I saw the hogger leaning back, snoozing like a kitten. I nearly cracked my thoat yelling. So in desperation I bounced my lantern off the cab near his head. The old red boxcars still wobbled past. Nothing was left for me to do but plug my ears and wait for the crash.

Well, sir, that hog walked right into out caboose without opening the door, and the drag stopped with a shiver. Smoke billowed from the wrecked doghouse, which had caught fire. The hogger was wriggling out of the mess when I ran up.

"What in hell's the idea or ruining our bacon and eggs?" I yelped.

I would have poked him in the mug, but the con intervened.

"Nix! He is all through. It's the second time he's rammed into a hind end in a month."

We managed to save our blankets and canned stuff. When they called me on the carpet shortly thereafter, I got my time and jumped.

Later, in Cincinnati, I found my old friend Mike Doyle at "Dutch" Hensel's place, and told him I'd get my engine now or bust.

"You go up to the village of Saginaw, Michigan," he told me, "and you'll be set up in a few months."

So I went to Saginaw. I picked out the usual flock of colored yarns for a master mechanic who wanted to know if I could hear a watch tick.

"I can't hear mine tick because it's in hock.

Thereupon he put me firing. If I'd been in a hurry I would have walked, as those little pigs were nothing but toys. After being seven times out, I was marked up; but the caller pounced on me for the big hook even before I had time to grab a mug of suds and some free lunch. Well, I got her hot and we started for a wreck 40 miles distant.

THAT was a rickety old kettle. The hog artist kept his seat-box full of wire and nails for a do-it-yourself repair job in case of

engine failure; but she would have suited me all right. Eventually the wrecking crane pulled a lot of boxcars off two little pigs that had met in a cornfield.

Time kept galloping by. On August 28th, 1904, I was called for a lumber extra. The engineer, George Foster, had once been unlucky enough to kill a man while he was working on the Espee. But as George hadn't squealed to the police of Roseville, Calif., about me tearing out of town and owing the sum of $2.50 to a hatchet-faced landlady named Mrs. Ways, I didn't recognize him in public this time as a former acquaintance.

By September, 1904, I had so much money saved up that I went down to Cincinnati and bawled out my pal, Mike Doyle, for having told me about a place that had snowbanks all winter. Then in Buffalo one day I slept the clock around, after which I went braking on the New York Central.

Page after page of my diary tells the same story—a restless boomer moving to new scenes and finding the same old grind. I headed westward again. By October 10th I was at Ft. Madison, Iowa, wondering how I got there.

A master mechanic name Sid Walker said: "Keep moving! You wouldn't make a runner in a thousand years."

Flat broke, I boarded with a sex-oriented widow named Mrs. Hillis and took a job painting a river bridge. I writhe to think of that job. Me, a first-class engineer, slinging paint! At length, I left the shapely widow's bed and board, spent two dollars for a book called *How to Run a Locomotive,* and I went to Needles, Calif., on the Santa Fe, where the sun was hot.

"Goo sticks to everything," says my diary. "Oil burners take too much brains to fire. The company doesn't want any smoke. You have to keep blowing sand in them to keep the flues and bricks clean. The engineer howls what not to do, but he doesn't know any more about squirting oil in her than I do. And now the airbrake instruction car has to make railroading a pain in the neck."

ON THE MORNING of Feb. 7th, 1905, I blew into Los Angeles to petition Master Mechanic Patten for a job on the new oilburners. *They should be a cinch,* I thought. I saw the men sit up and grin as the oilburners rolled by.

Mr. Patten came into his office and slammed the door. All was quiet for a while. Then he began to holler; and his clerk ran in, followed by a backshop foreman.

"What's that extra doing out there in front of that Chicago fruit? Where's Hardt? Where's Wilkens? Get somebody! Get everybody!"

He stamped and howled like a bastard until yardmaster Hardt came up, out of breath.

"Do something!" Patten yelled. "What is this, a strike? Or have they all gone up to that new Western Pacifi Railroad?"

The Y.M. looked sad and said: "Well, you see, Pat Rooney had a party last Sunday—"

"Party!" Patten cut in. "What in hell has a party last Sunday got to do with tying knots in this yard on Tuesday?"

Said the yardmaster: "About 35 men pulled the pin Friday to go up to the WP. Pat Rooney had a birthday shindig before he left and invited all his relatives—about half the crews are kin to him. I sent out the caller, but he couldn't find a man. They must have gone fishing."

Patten rubbed his big blue eyes, put on his hat, started to walk around the table, and took it off.

"Bull crap! So 35 men walk out on Friday, and Pat Rooney has a party on Sunday, more men missing!"

He glared at the shop boss.

"Wilkens, get a crew on that engine, I don't care who! Take your shopmen, take those greasers off the pit, or fire the job yourself! We must get that fruit out of this yard!"

Wilkens left in a dither. Patten sat down, picked up a pencil, and muttered to Hardt: "How many men on the list are able to run an engine? Get everybody in the roundhouse."

I though sure I'd get set up to an engine. I gulped. Patten was boring me with his eyes.

"What do you want here? "Can you run a locomotive?"

"Yes, sir, I can run anything from here to Chicago. I—"

"Boomer! I thought so." Patten sat down. "Say, boomer, you've got a job right now. Waltz over and get that 1834 hot. I'll hire somebody who knows a throttle from a Johnson bar to run her. Give the clerk your name."

DISMALLY I went over to the old plug, built a good fire in her, and waited for the hogger. Well, sir, I waited four hours! Then Wilkens showed up, the shop boss, who hadn't found anybody.

Old "Pop" Lower, the conductor, came over and said: "Hey, Wilkens, this drag is only 30 hours late! I'm going to the hack and sleep. When you get ready, just toot your horn."

At length Wilkens, the would-be hogger, blew off and opened her up. She slipped and wore a hole in the rail. The head brakeman said: "I'm going home." I had her full of water and the clock said 120. The hogger pulled the sand rod out, and *bang!* a cylinder head blew off. Wilkens grabbed his coat and got down.

"I've had enough fun out of playing engineer."

We had not made two carlengths and I was nearly starved, so I walked to the yard office and quit.

By March 24th, 1905, I was in Indianapolis, where I besought a brass collar named Manuel Arnold to take me on. He sent me to Kindon yard. Of all the rotten places to work! It had treads between the tracks and made you think of the trolley lines on Canal Street in New Orleans. The telegraph operator, Hepworth, declared I ought to stay.

"Even a cock-eyed Hindoo with a wooden leg here could get set up in a little while," he said.

But I didn't believe it. My hogmauler, name of Wolf, said he had not worked any other jobs because he couldn't read or write. He only had to move the goat twice a day to shift meat cars. I would write out his work sheet for him and Wolf would keep the old plug hot on a rainy day while I sneaked down into the city to see a burlesque show, my partiality being for strip-teasers.

ABOUT March 31st the papers said the pikes around Buffalo were tied up because most of the men had the flu. Same old story! Taking my life in my hands, I traveled to Buffalo again. Although many people there were sick or dead from influenza, I was told at the Wabash: "You couldn't be a throttle artist, because you never had your own hog."

Then I went to see the Nickel Plate's master maniac. He proved to be H. West, from the Kansas City Southern, and he said: "You don't know how to steer a big engine around a corner."

"The flanges steer the hogs around," I corrected him; but I still failed to see why nobody would set me up on an engine.

To keep from starving, I went firing again on the old four-track canal, getting a room at Mrs. Frane's on Genesee Street, a place so filled with roomers that you had to wait for someone to get out of bed before you could crawl in.

"Cash in advance," Mrs. Frane stated frimly. Her face and her manner of speaking made it clear to me that this lady, at least, was no easy pushover hungering for sex.

Moving to Syracuse, I hit the brass hats there for an engine, but all I got was more firing.

What galled me was to find Al Hirshman running passenger. I remember when we used to play poker in the back room at Shale's in Albany. He was so dumb he'd almost shove his money under the door if the place was closed. His caboose was full of big black roaches, some so old they used crutches. Disgruntled, I went to Elmira, N.Y., on July 2nd, 1905, and appealed to Old Man Wheelock for an engine.

"Nix," he said "We don't entrust our motive power to anybody who has run a thrashing machine."

The influenza epidemic was still terrible. Downey, the trainmaster, wanted me to get into a uniform for passenger jobs, but I replied loftily: "I could go firing any place."

Full of determination, I journeyed to Norfolk late in July, went fishing at Ocean View, and chewed the rag with Norfolk & Western crews who dragged coal trains out to Sewell's Point for the ships.

"No fireman jobs for white men," they said. "You need five years of experience on some sort of a steam pig to get running."

I thought of claiming I'd had five years of running Forney steam engines on the New York Elevated line, which didn't keep records; but I decided not to.

I still had to find an engine, but where? It seemed then that New Orleans was the most likely spot. Six of us boomers made plans to quit at once and take "Fatty" Bates down to Louisiana with us.

Jim Basset wanted to know: "Are you all packed?"

I had to laugh. I was always packed. Just put on another shirt and socks. Some of the boys had two spare shirts and a necktie, but I had only the red polka dot one wrapped around my diary.

Well, sir, New Orleans had some cute and saucy chicks hanging around the old French Quarter, but if there were any railroad jobs available I didn't run into them.

BACK at Utica, N.Y., in the summer of 1908, I got a bed in the Y and ate at a boarding-house run by a well-set up female known as Mrs. Sally Tunbridge on Whitesboro Street. What boomer could ever forget Mrs. T.? As a woman—well, she was quite a woman, with all the accessories. Besides, her place was always neat and clean, and the meals—well, shut your eyes and dream back to 1908 when the "Ho-jack" (the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg) was booming. In nice weather the boomers would lie out on Sally's front lawn and fill the air with railroad lies.

"Her eats are nearly as good as the Pennsy Dutch grub down along the P&R," says my diary. "Some day I might get a engine down there and doublehead for life with a good Pennsy Dutch cook."

After four hours in the hay, I was shaken loose by the clerk, who said: "You're called for a drag to Tupper Lake."

The yard was plugged with Ho-jack stuff. At the handle was Danny Gilson, who was forever pounding the little iron horses. Even a good fireman like me had to watch every move, as Danny would pull all the fire out the stack in starting if I didn't keep the door open. He'd leave the Johnson bar down in the corner all the way up to Malone.

"Danny thinks he is tough," comments the diary, "but I'll bet when he comes home at night the canary says 'Hello, bum'."

A few days later I got Walt Teelin, a new engineer who had been firing there for 98 years, more or less. They had to set him up running, as they couldn't get other men to stick. We drew the usual doubleheader with a mile of empty flats for Tupper's Lake and a string of telegraph poles back. Walt listened to a lot of sage advice from me; but when I was underneath cleaning the ashpan he came too close to moving the pig. I left the Hojack flat because the snow was two yards deep in winter and because I'd heard that both the Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard were now hiring white firemen and would set them up in a year. After a quick trip to Nashville, I wrote in my diary September 7th, 1908:

"I will be running in a few months. Then I'll have a laugh on the home guards who work ten years to bid in a local freight."

I HEADED down to Norfolk again. But things went sour, as usual. I couldn't remember the name I had used on the Louisville & Nashville a few years before, but guessed it was Arnold. I was too broke to ride the cushions and the engineer wouldn't carry me, so I ate all I could hold and rode the blinds. At Roanoke I went broke and had to give a pawnbroker my Elgin for a two-buck loan.

Anchoring one night at Portsmouth, Va., I went over to see the unforgettable Mrs. Leake in Norfolk about getting board. She was still provocative and good-looking, but a bit to plum in the rear end, and she said I owed her for a previous visit. Holy smoke, what memories some females have!

Down at the ferryhouse the Seaboard men told me. "You'd starve on this pike." So I hit the ACL. The clerk there went to the window, spat out a pint of tobacco juice, and said: "If you all want to run an engine, you better go down to Washington, N.C., and see Mr. Gizzard."

Thereupon I tried to fix a free ride, but none of them would carry

so much as their mother-in-law's picture under the coalbox; so I went over to the Norfolk & Southern and asked for any kind of gainful occupation. There wasn't any. Thereupon I moved West. Then Southwest.

Back at Needles in January, 1909, I said hopefully to the super: "I've been firing your hogs off and on for a couple of years and I'm a first-class engineer."

He replied, "You're a migratory bum," or words to that effect, adding that an Ingersoll dollar watch was not standard on his pike. So I left him cold.

All you needed to get a hitch heaving coal was the okay of eleven bankers and a letter from the King of Siam. Having just two bucks left, I crawled into an empty boxcar heading eastward and went to sleep.

That summer I visited Camden, N.J., for the seashore rush. My hogger looked like the pictures I'd seen of John L. Sullivan, so I decided not to bother him.

In December I went to Shreveport, La., and hit an official named Jones for a job of firing. Mr. Jones wanted to know: "Do you drink or smoke or have any bad habits?" When I said "No," he retorted: "If you haven't any habits that cost money, why do you want to work?" He said he couldn't use a good fireman.

By that time, the railroad business in general had gone to hell. I couldn't get a hitch as fireman or brakeman.

YEARS moved along with the heavy tread of black oxen like those you see at state fairs. In hard times I labored as steam-heating fireman or window-washer, helper on a fishing boat, janitor of picture shows, even as "railroad gagman" for the *Indianapolis News*.

In 1971 I took to the rails again, making 90 miles in 90 hours between Philadelphia and Newark, behind a plug that would have been scrapped but for the war. During the prohibition era I was a fast varnish fireman in Texas. And I even played hogger a few times—a goat in the yard at Algiers, La., a Western Pacific work train; and a few months on a Pennsy coal drag.

At length I married a sweet-faced Pennsylvania Dutch woman and settled down on a tree-shaded, red-bricked street in Philadelphia. But I never did get the engine of my dreams, the slick and gleaming steel beauty on a fast, short run; as I crept into old age I had to settle for a job of cussing out poor ignorant truck drivers who mixed up waybills.

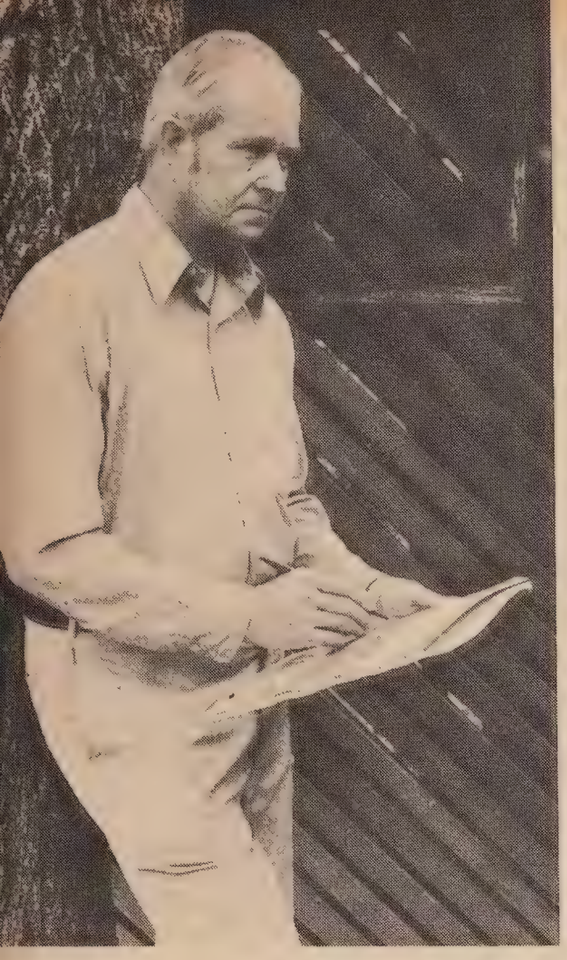
The life of a boomer was terrible. Only a bred-in-the-bone railroader who was weak in the head could love it. Between 1898 and 1903, when the carriers were in their palmy days, little thought was given to the men who drag freights over the long divisions working without rest and always in danger of one kind or another. Starvation cast its shadow ahead of the pay-car. Men could eye old soup bones as a gift from heaven.

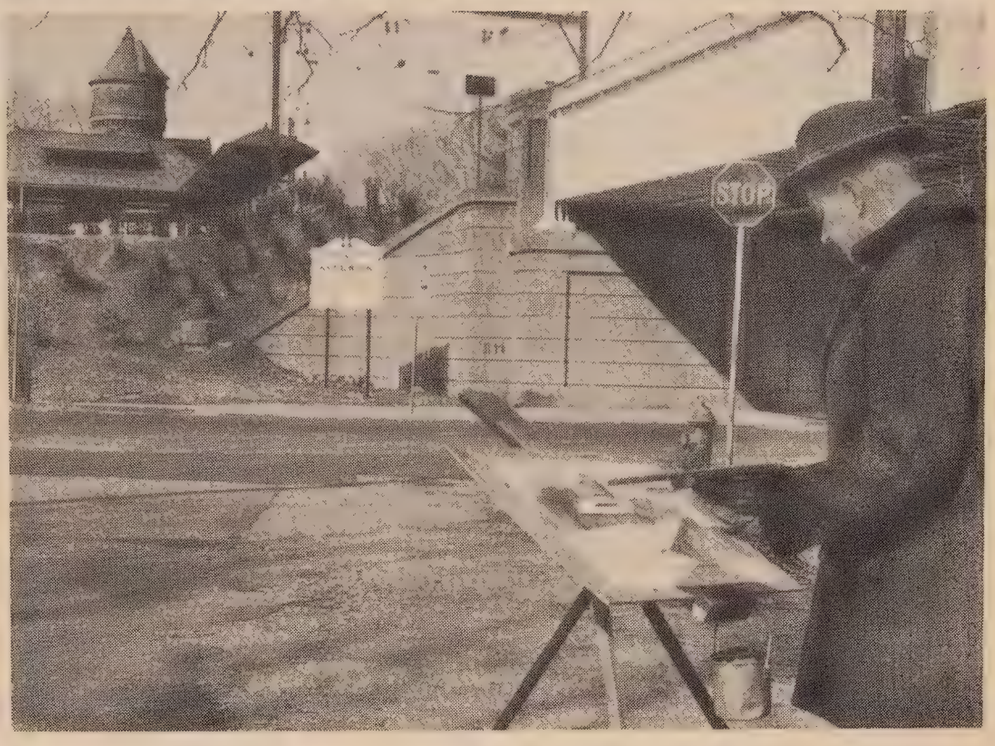
Boomer? Oh, yes—romance, adventure, the lur of what was around the corner or over the hill. As a migrant you saw new faces and unfamiliar towns, but master mechanics' clerks laughed at you and home guards stuck up their noses. The few greasy bills the pay-car handed out did not compensate for the long hours and aching bones.

Our real pay was the call of the rail, two short whistle blasts of a steam-powered train leaving town. Two short blasts by some fat hoghead in a freight engine would make a boomer postpone a bath or leave his beer half drunk or his lady waiting hopefully in bed or at the church. ●

Sinking Spring, Md.; one of the pix in Ranulph Bye's book, *The Vanishing Depot.*

HE PAINTED OUR COVER PICTURE





Ranulph Bye at work. (Right) Making a watercolor painting of the Reading station at Sedgwick, Pa.

Interesting Railfans No. 142: RANULPH BYE
by Freeman Hubbard

THERE IS a personal reason, a sentimental reason, why I chose Ranulph Bye's picture of the Penn Central suburban station at Overbrook, Pa., for our front cover. The editor of every human-interest magazine, including *Railroad*, is guided by at least two major factors in picking material for publication. One is his feeling or intuition, backed by experience, of what he thinks the majority of his readers want. That is the most determining factor. The other is his background, his likes and dislikes, the elements that made up his life, some of them dating back to early childhood.

As a boy born and raised in West Philadelphia, I frequently visited Overbrook on what was then the Pennsy main line, and I loved it. My father worked in another PRR station for 43 years; I traveled many thousands of miles on his free passes. In those days the Keystone System advertised itself as "The Standard Railroad of the World." I would watch its well-filled commuter trains come and go and its proud limiteds breeze through Overbrook without stopping.

Very near that station was one of my recreation spots: the spacious green lawn of an institute for deaf and dumb children. My memories of Overbrook depot are forever linked with playmates who could neither talk to me nor understand what I said except by reading my lips. This gave me a sense of compassion for deprived people and those in trouble, "the men hemmed in by the spears."

Years later, I got a job in PRR station service, but not at Overbrook. I also studied illustration at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. This sharpened my pictorial judgement and helps me in editing *Railroad*, which is largely a picture magazine.

Such a background put me in a mood to enjoy Ranulph Bye's new book, *The Vanishing Depot,* a gallery of watercolors, including his notalgic view of Overbrook station at train time. Over the years I have reviewed hundreds of railroad books, but I can't recall one exceeding the artistic quality of *The Vanishing Depot.* Just recently, when Madeleine de Sinety came from Paris and visited our office, she spent much time eagerly poring over it. Besides being a steam locomotive photographer, Madeleine is a professional artist. The modest Mr. Bye might have blushed if he had heard the rhapsody of his work spoken in her quaintly accented English. She'd like to do a similar book of French railway stations, but very likely won't, because she doesn't believe her country would be a good market for it.

Like myself, Ranulph Bye is of English-Dutch stock, Ranulph being a family name. His ancestors settled in Bucks County, Pa., in 1690 on land granted by William Penn, the Quaker who founded Pennsylvania. He, too, is a Quaker. Our *Interesting Railfan* came into the world at Princeton, N.J., on June 17, 1916, and grew up in a Philadelphia suburb not far from Pennsy and Baltimore & Ohio main lines. Although the tracks were about two miles from his tree-shaded home, he could plainly hear, while lying in bed at night, the "lonesome" whistles of fast expresses hurtling through the darkness between New York and Washington.

In the period between world wars he and his younger brother would walk over to the B&O right-of-way and watch the big-name trains, with smoke plumes flying, roar down the stretch near Chester, Pa., at 80 or more miles per hour. It was a great age in which to grow up. Ranulph did a fair amount of train-riding, even as

a boy, and has always loved to look at engines, particularly coal-and oil-burners, and occasionally to photograph them. The sleek ocean liners on which he crossed the Atlantic again and again with his parents likewise excited him.

Some of the first engines he photographed were work-horses in the Pennsy freight yards at 52nd Street and Lancaster Avenue, Philadelphia, a few blocks from where I was then living. How well I remember those yards! I may have seen Ranulph there without knowing who he was. He liked to sketch, too, and paint in watercolors. At age 18 he left school to enter what is now the Philadelphia College of Art, from which he graduated after four years. He also attended the Art Students' League in New York and studied under noted artists. For 15 years he worked in the picture-restoring business of his father, Arthur Edwin Bye, to whom *The Vanishing Depot* is dedicated. While Ranulph was living at Swarthmore, Pa., he often took little trips to paint farms, streams, and landscapes. He drives a VW station wagon, which he finds ideal for carrying pictures, easel, and paints.

"At first I did not specifically seek railroad subjects," he tells me, "but when I found myself near tracks, bridges, stations, or signal towers I would include them in my paintings. In 1946, after I had married Mary Dubois McCarthy, a Swarthmore College classmate of my sister, and had served in the Army, we lived on Cape Cod and I would travel to Woods Hole, Mass., to paint the picturesque harbor there.

"One day I set up my easel beside the track a few hundred yards from Wood Hole depot, where a train was waiting to pull out. My watercolor was well under way when the engineer opened his throttle, sounded his whistle, and chugged toward me, with dirty black smoke belching from the stack. Obviously, the fireman didn't have his coal fire under control. As they rolled past me, the engine showered my paper with tiny black specks. At first, angry and disgusted, I thought my work was ruined; but a brief reflection convinced me that the soot had given it a very special and desirable tone. As the locomotive was my central theme, the picture now looked more realistic than before and I was delighted."

Detail of Erie Lackawanna depot, Tenafly, N.J., from Bye's book.

Our hero is blue-eyed, weighs about 175, and lacks an inch of being a six-footer. He and his wife have two sons and two daughters and live at R.D. 4, Doylestown, Pa. 18901, in a typical old Bucks County farmhouse which has its own spring. Luckily, no fluoridated water there. A stone barn on a hill beside the house contains his studio and workshop. One of Ranulph's few hobbies is collecting old and modern glassware. He does not care for sports, but has a keen interest in the preservation of quaint old buildings and landmarks.

"There is still an alarming neglect in our 19th century heritage," he laments, "and we must do all we can to keep it unimpaired. I am now painting Victorian architecture—turn-of-the-century hotels, fire-engine houses, ferry terminals, town houses, etc.—with a view to doing another book. My biggest mistake was not getting interested in railroad architecture while it was still functioning. I wish there were some way of persuading railroad companies to care for their remaining depots or at least making them available to communities or groups for restoration."

His wife, Mary, has a slight build, winsome brown eyes, and a dynamic personality. While Ranulph is conservative and politically lethargic, she is devoted to the need for social change, being a champion of such causes as prison reform, women's lib, and better rights for migrant workers. Mary is especially active in the peace movement of the Society of Friends (Quakers).

"In some areas I am impatient," the husband says. "Can't tolerate slow, dull people and I hate regimentation. The nearly three years I spent in the Army was anathema to me."

Ranulph Bye has had exhibitions and one-man shows in the Smithsonian Institution, the Art Institute of

Mexico, and numerous other places, besides being represented in a dozen art museums and so on. The list of art prizes he has won is equally impressive. In addition, he had contributed to several magazines and books, also the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* on which I used to be a reporter; and he is a member of many art organizations but no railfan club.

He has been a guest instructor in art centers and is now associate professor of art at Moore College of Art in Philadelphia. On rare occasions he takes steam railfan trips. The first station watercolor he ever made shows an abandoned depot near Ringoes, N.J.

"I painted it," he tells me, "because it is an interesting old building and quite unlike a house or barn. Then in the late 1950s I found more depots in Bucks County. Since these pictures sold rather well and a number of them were reproduced as prints, calendars, and Christmas cards, I continued to paint them. Aroung 1965 I did a set of four watercolors which the Reading Co. reproduced, and they had a wide market. In 1970 I produced another set of stations for a New York art print manufacturer."

Some of Ranulph's originals were displayed by Gloria Johnson at her Junction Gallery, a coverted railroad station in Riverdale, N.J. The artist visited that gallery on September 22nd, and autographed copies of the *Vanishing Depot* for all who cared to buy it. According to Nancy Shaw of the Golden Door Gallery, Parry Barn, New Hope, Pa., "Mr. Bye is quiet and reserved. He paints because he loves it and is happy when people admire his work. Of course, being a Quaker, he likes the money from the sales, too."

A fellow artist, Mr. Dolya Goutman of Rosement, Pa., writes: "Ranulph can be very frugal with himself, but buys beautiful gifts for his family, as he did when he and I visited Amsterdam and London last January. I have never seen a man more dedicated to his work. For example, on windy, rainy days, while he and the flu, Ranulph would stand in damp grass to paint a particular view of a windmill and then return to our hotel to collapse on his bed. When he feels enthusiasm for work getting stale, he goes away to unfamiliar surroundings to refresh it."

The Vanishing Depot stems from the mid-1960s. A one-man show of his station pictures had aroused so much interest that he took a portfolio of them to railfan Oliver Jensen, editor of the hard-cover *American Heritage* magazine. Oliver published some of them, with an article, in his February 1966 issue. Later, other periodicals

Three of the paintings seen in full color in Bye's book. Above is Wycombe, Pa. (Reading). Just below is North Conway. N.H. (Maine Central and B&M) and at the bottom, Chatham, Mass. (New Haven).

carried Bye's work. Meanwhile, the artist kept at it until he had 100 station paintings, and then he made some unsuccessful efforts to get them published in a book. At length, the owner of Livingston Publishing Co., 18 Hempstead Circle, Wynnewood, Pa. 19096, realizing the value of such material, put out *The Vanishing Depot.*

The author's preface states: "This book is an attempt to illustrate some of the unique stations I have come across in my travels up and down the East Coast during the past 12 years. All the stations depicted here in watercolor were painted on location or from pictures taken on the spot. It is too bad that many have been torn down since this project began. I am limiting this study to depots built prior to 1900—except, in rare cases, where I found a few of particular interest built since that period. Included here are also freight stations, signal towers, watchmen's shanties, and architectural details of stations." To keep the book in its historical context, the identification of stations is related to the railroads which they primarily served, and not necessarily to the present opearting companies."

Bye's volume has 128 supercoated pages, 10½x11¼ inches, is bound in blue hard covers with silver lettering, and has a colorful dust jacket. There are 93 paintings of railroad structures, mostly passenger stations, in eastern United States. Of these, 67 are in full color, the rest black and white, with a brief description of each. Price, $20 postpaid. The text matter includes a foreword by one of our previous *Interesting Railfans,* Edwin P. Alexander, formerly on the editorial staff of *Railroad Magazine;* a list of contendts, and a 16-line poem by Rita Loftus Gross, which says:

This depot was once lord of Main Street,
The Victorian master of town
Now its windows and shutters are broken,
Its roof torn and sagging down.

Most impressive about the book is its wide variety in the treatment of railroad buildings. Nearly eight dozen paintings and no two alike! There is even an interior scene showing an agent at work. Unfortunately, it was not made in the old days of lightning slingers. The presence of brass telegraph instruments would have added a great nostalgic flavor. But as Ranulph himself admits, he didn't get started on this project early enough for such things.

His paintings have a richly authentic quality. They evoke memories not alone of the structures they depict but also, on a vaster and more imaginative scale, railway depots everywhere. Bye has the rare ability to universalize his subject, reminding me of a Bayard Taylor poem, *The Song of the Camp,* which reads:

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie.

Residents of Flagstaff, Ariz., or Bangor, Maine, will, I am sure, recognize that quality in Bye's illustrations. They will say, as did the medal which Napoleon issued to his troops after the battle of Austerlitz, "I was there." Even if they haven't visited the identical scenes pictured in the book, they will certainly have been to similar places.

There are very few of the stations shown in *The Vanishing Depot* that I haven't seen at one time or another. I recall, for example, going to York, Pa., for a proofreading job via the Pennsylvania Railroad when I was young and just married, and getting off the train at the antique red building memorialized by Ranulph Bye. That was a long time ago, but I can still remember the depot as looking hopelessly outdated even then. It doesn't seem to have changed at all since those days. Seeing Bye's watercolor brought it back vividly.

And I will always recollect, like a trip to the Twilight Zone, the many happy hours I spent as a boy in and around the Overbrook depot, pictured on *Railroad's* front cover. ●

Ranulph Bye poses near the former Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Lambertville, N.J., with the watercolor painting he made of it.

Photograph from The Lambertville Beacon

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

STREETCARS are faster than buses, according to a study by the Toronto Transit Commission which learned that the slowest downtown trolley route during rush hour was faster than the fastest bus route.

Speed of streetcar routes during rush hour ranged from 8.8 miles an hour for the Dundas Street car to 10.5 miles an hour for the Queen Street car. Speeds on bus routes ranged from 6.6 to 8.3 miles an hour. TTC planner J.H. Sansom said streetcars on fixed rails are given "somewhat preferential treatment" by other traffic. Buses lose time by having to move to the curb to pick up passengers.

PHOTO of the Disney World monorail in Florida in recent issue prompted a reader to tell us of a new monorail line in Busch Gardens, 16000 Roscoe Blvd., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406. Says Richard E. Brown, 6404 Casper Way, Bakersfield, Cal. 93309, "The new trains take tourists for a bird's-eye view of the Gardens. An unusual feature is that they cross above the Southern Pacific line that carries the *Coast Daylight-Starlight* trains of Amtrak. The park is cut in two by the SP line, the two portions being connected by a pedestrian overhead bridge as well as a monorail. Don't confuse the new monorail with an older suspended line that has been carrying visitors through the brewery for several years."

OUTRAGED - by an increasing number of night attacks on subway riders, Mayor Beame of New York City ordered half the passenger cars of all underground trains closed from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. He said the aim was to bring more riders—and more policeman—together. He also announced plans for 1000 plainclothes policemen to patrol trains and for an experimental closed-circuit TV surveillance system in two subway stations.

So far this year, there have been eight subway murders, compared with nine in all of last year. The Mayor says the closed cars could be opened if the others on the train became unusually crowded.

Another recent change on the New York subway system is the use of police dogs in rail yards where cars are stored during non-rush periods, to cut down on the activity of moronic grafitti artists. Still another change is the campaign launched by the Metropolitan Transporation Authority to attract more riders by inducing stores and banks to buy tokens at the regular 35-cent rate but sell them to customers at cut prices in order to lure more people into their places of business. Some stores even plan to buy them at the regular rate and give them away free, for the same reason.

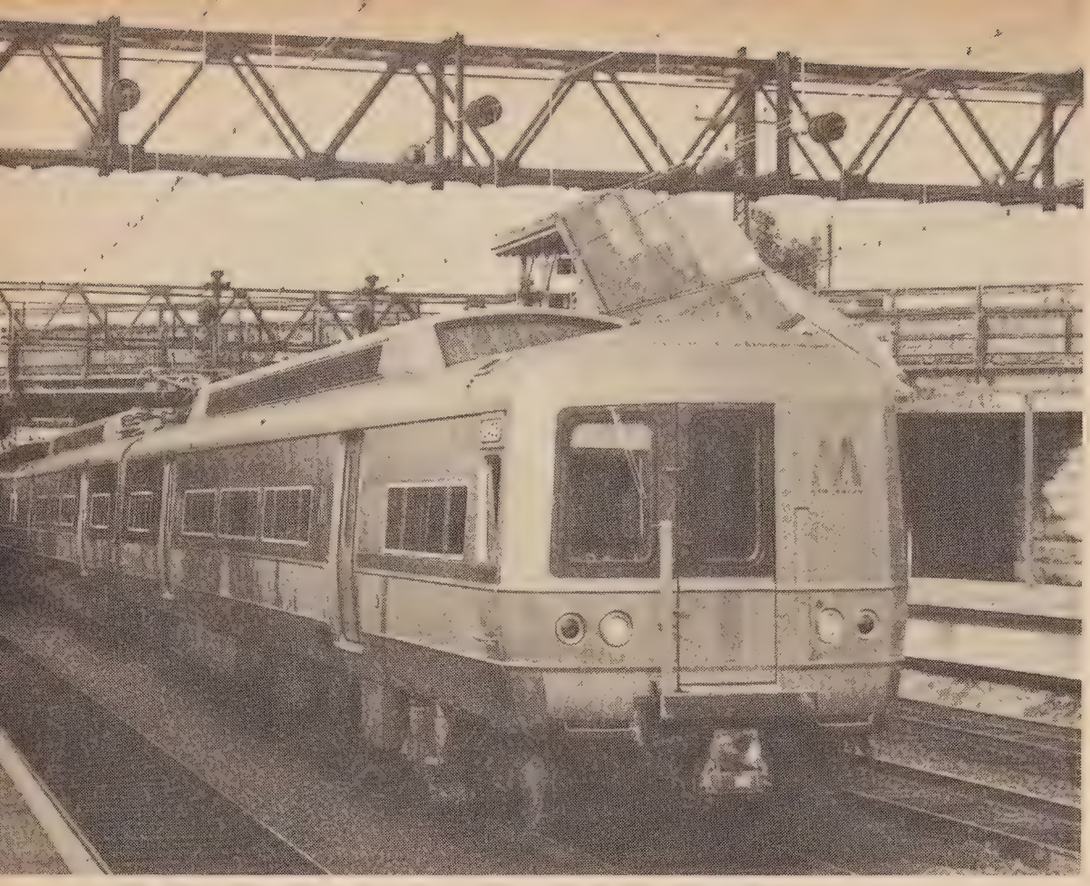
For rescuing a man who had fallen off a subway platform down onto the tracks and being knocked unconscious by his head hitting a rail, four Brooklyn teenagers have been honored by the city. The man was taken to a hospital with forehead cuts. Later, the Mayor gave each boy a bronze medallion and hired him for summer jobs with the city.

Due to joint efforts of Seashore Trolley Museum, the City of Berlin, Germany, and the Atlantic Container Line, this German-built trolley, built in 1927, has found a new home at Kennebunkport, Maine. At the seaport of Elizabeth, N.J., it was transferred to a trailer-tractor.

CHICAGO Transit Authority will buy 100 more air-conditioned rapid transit cars as the result of a $70 million grant from the U.S. Urban Mass Transportation Administration. This grant came after the State of Illinois approved a $15.5 million (20 percent) matching grant. The new cars will be in addition to 100 others recently ordered by CTA under a Phase 2 program calling for a total of 650 new cars to provide a 100 percent air-conditioned rail fleet.

IT IS TYPICAL of bureaucracies to use trite or obscure verbiage in their press releases. The U.S. Department of Transportation is no exception. No wonder many readers knew the meaning of the term "State of Art" applied to the two-car electric train that has been running on some large rapid transit systems in this country, beginning with New York.

Here, at last, is an explanation



New M-2 type Cosmopolitan commuter cars are handling an increasing proportion of trains on MTA's New Haven route. Each car cost $100,000. We see an eastbound express going through New Rochelle, N.Y.

Bruce Russell, 33 Lorraine St., Glen Ridge, N.J. 07028

from Joseph G. Silien, chief of the DOT rail programs. He says it refers to the level of technology shown in the experimental vehicles. His statement points out:

Some of the most significant features of the cars are the solid state electronic "chopper" control system, which not only uses energy more efficiently than a conventional mechanical cam controller, but also results in smooth "jerk-free" starts and stops for the passengers and ease of operation for the motormen; a push-button speed limiting system which will hold the car at any of several pre-selected speeds whether going up or down grade or on level track; new air spring and rubber chevron trucks and resilient wheels for a smooth, quiet ride; a new air-conditioning and ventilating system with very high air-circulation capability. One of the most noticeable features of SOAC is its extremely quiet ride. Interior noise levels are equivalent to the interior of a modern office building. Conversations are carried on very easily in normal tones.

Mr. Silien invites our readers to ride the cars on rapid transit lines in their areas and let it be known how they feel about such equipment. Public reaction is being sought by a national research firm.

GUADALAJARA, Mexico, will soon begin building a "pre-Metro" underground transit system intended eventually for rail rapid transit. At first it will have trolley buses in operation underground. So says Luis Torrealba, Apartado 838, Mexico 1, D.F.

Downtown, the city will have tunnels for the trackless vehicles that will emerge into the streets in outlying areas. Just when a real rapid transit line will be built for the entire city seems indefinite. There is not enough money available for a Metro line and this appears to be the least expensive substitute. Guadalajara had a streetcar system from 1906 until 1944, when a power shortage forced it to close.

SOUTHEASTERN Pennsylvania Transportation Authority of Philadelphia was recently the first recipient of a transfer of Interstate Highway Construction funds for mass transit projects. This occurred when the U.S. Department of Transportation approved $60 million to be diverted from a withdrawn segment of Interstate Highway I-695 (Cobbs Creek Expressway) that was to have been built in Del. County.

Vic F. Reyna., Box 6, 1916 Sir Francis Drive, Fairfax, Calif. 94930

San Francisco Municipal Ry. work car 131 (ex-130) towing PCC car 1119 to the barn last July 16th.

Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co. trolley on route 7 and 22nd Street in Philadelphia, Pa. When photo was made in 1939, it was a one-man car; note two cash registers beside the center door.

Leonard T. Wehru collection, courtesy of Harry F. Albrecht

Of the projects approved through this transfer of funds, major rehabilitation of the Market Street subway stations at 5th and 13th streets is vital because of their location near Independence Mall and City Hall, primary centers of planned Bicentennial activities.

Among other improvements in that city is the rehabilitation of several Market Street subway/Frankford elevated stations and the refurbishment of up to 180 PCC type streetcars. Final design and engineering work will precede the purchase of 100 new light rail vehicles for SEPTA's subway/surface line. Engineering for future building of a new light-rail maintenance facility and for major rehabilitation of several stations on the Broad Street

In addition, the grant will provide funds to improve commuter rail operations within the SEPTA five-county service area, such as the purchase of new commuter rail cars for the Reading lines. Improvements to power supply, track, signal, and maintenance facilities will be completed on both the Penn Central and Reading. Commuter rail stations and parking improvements will enhance the attractiveness, safety, and efficiency of over 60 stations on these lines.

DOT also has granted Philadelphia $30 million to begin construction of a high-speed rail line between downtown and the city's airport. The city has designated such a line as a Bicentennial project. Efforts are being made to finish it in time for the flood of tourists expected during the summer of 1976.

GENERAL MOTORS' news release, entitled *GM Working on Plans to Streamline Mass Transit Systems,* brings this reply from Cdr. E.J. Quinby, founder of the ERA and long active in promoting electric railway development:

"It is, indeed, amusing to observe that in this release GM's Donald Atwood claims GM is researching improved mass transit facilities so long as they will employ rubber-tired vehicles powered by internal combustion engines! And the target dates suggested for acceptance of these improvements is somewhere between 1994 and 2001. Meanwhile, apparently, the public is expected to get along with present systems and conditions.

"Atwood states flatly: '"We have been, we are, and ultimately for the foreseeable future will be an auto-oriented society.' Thus, by his edict, we are figuratively admonished to forget rail rapid transit which, he warns, has a less promising future because the U.S. Department of Transportation has indicated Federal grants for new fixed rail transit systems in urban centers will be hard to obtain. In other words, our Federal Government is expected to go along with the established GM policy of discrediting and discouraging electric rail rapid transit!"

(Ed. note: A recent item in the Los Angeles *Times*, sent us by Arthur C. Davis, says U.S. Secretary of Transportation Claude S. Brinegar has opposed a rail system for Los Angeles, holding that a bus system would be more economical and more suitable. Brinegar was a Union Oil Co. executive before being appointed to his present post.)

E. Jay Quinby continues, "That is not exactly the way the picture looks as presented by Boeing-Vertol's LRV developments and the orders already on their books for modern electric rail rapid transit equipment. If we choose automotive-oriented officials to control the Federal purse-strings, it may be difficult to finance electric rail projects. That's one way of stifling progress and making sure that conditions for the commuter get worse instead of better. But how long can GM expect the voters to put up with that sort of imposition? The various major electric rail projects already under way across our nation, made possible by referendum choice, indicate that the worm has already turned. The commuters have already had enough primitive, inefficient facilities. They now look forward for relief through real rapid transit, not stage coaches."

Old motor car 67 and trailer 363 of Geneva Transit Co. in Switzerland, two pieces of ancient equipment now preserved in the Geneva car barns.
Yves Jaulf, Vermont 6, 1006 Lausanne, Switzerland

WITH completion of the Bay Area Rapid Transit system and through operation of trains on the long tunnel under San Francisco Bay come plans for two extensions of service, according to newly-appointed BART President Nello J. Bianco. One route recommended as the result of a $9 million study, funded in part by UMTA, would extend the BART rails about 15 miles beyond the Concord terminal through the downtown portions of Pittsburgh and Antioch, California. This route would closely follow the right-of-way of the Sacramento Northern interurban line, abandoned some 35 years ago.

The second extension envisions a route branching eastward from the Bay Fair station, through Castro Valley and Dublin Canyon to the downtown sections of Livermore and Pleasanton, about 20 miles. Express bus feeder service in these corridors will continue until the rail extensions are built and operational.

NEW ORLEANS Public Service has requested a fare hike for trolley and bus lines from 15 to 25 cents, citing heavy annual losses incurred by the transit system that the power company operates. While admitting there would be a drop of about 15 percent in passenger traffic if the fare is raised, the company still insists the raise would cut the annual deficit from transit operations that it subsidizes through its gas and electric utility business. To date we have no further word on the fare, news of which came from Steve Scalzo. However, the existing 15 cent fare is so far below most others in the U.S. that we'd expect an increase.

TROLLEY VALHALLA museum was originally located at Tansboro, N.J., from which it moved in 1972 when it lost its lease in an area where the Lindenwold rapid transit line had inflated nearby real estate values. then it had to move again, but now may have found a new and more permanent site in Medford Township, a few miles east of Camden, N.J. Time will tell how permanent the new location is.

In 1972 the museum transported its collection of between 15 and 20 trolleys, two of them in operating condition, from Tansboro to a site on former Penn Central right-of-way at Jobstown, N.J. After relocating, it found local citizens up in arms over the presence of the trolleys and other equipment. Jobstown officials ordered the museum to vamoose.

THE AUSTRALIAN tramcar photo in our July department showed a former Sydney tram, not ex-Brisbane as indicated. Unfortunately, production schedules rarely permit your transit editor to check photo captions before publication. The tram, No. 1497, now running at the Loftus, N.S.W., museum, was one of 258 built 1921-29 in Australia, says W.D. Freeman, 60 Melbourne Rd., Melbourne, Australia 2070.

CURTIS E. GREEN, age 50, a black man hired by the "Muni" transit system as a bus driver 29 years ago, is now general manager of the Municipal Railway of San Francisco, reports Paul Trimble, 75 Bret Court, Novato, Calif. 94947. He had been acting general manager since John Woods vacated the post last March and he actually rides the Muni as a daily commuter.

HONG KONG, the British colony just off the Chinese mainland, is expected to have a subway in operation by 1980, reports Maj. Denis A. Cavagnaro, now stationed in El Toro, Calif. He says the city has possibly the worst public transport problem anywhere, with most of its 4.2 million population living in less than 48 square miles divided by the world's busiest harbor. Thousands of Hong Kong people live in primitive houseboats the year round.

The planned transit system will cover 32 miles, including a second cross-harbor tunnel, and will have 48 stations. The need for this can be seen by the record five million passengers carried in the city daily by various forms of public transport such as the double-decked tram line running the length of the island, buses, minibuses, taxis, trains, and ferries. Added to this are 300 vehicles for each mile roadway, making the need for rapid transit even more urgent.

New Electric Publication

TRACTION GUIDEBOOK FOR MODEL RAILROADERS, edited by Mike Schafer, 120 pages, 8½x11", with stapled binding; $3.50 from Kalmbach Publishing Co., 1027 N. 7th St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53233.

Some coverage of big traction lines of the past shows the basic principles of prototype operation of interurbans, later to be applied to the individual model pike. Several fine photos cover actual model railroad installations, letting you see how others built interurban prototypes. The modeler is supplied with data on prototype traction equipment, how and why it was built, and how the equipment was used in actual service. It is an invaluable work for hobbyists. ●

To save time, send Transit Topics mail to Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 What is railbox?

Some 41 U.S. railroads and Trailer Train are planning to set up a new corporation, American Rail Boxcar Co., or Railbox, consisting of a pool of nation-wide free-running boxcars. Nine of the roads have been given the ICC green light. The pool would be started with an initial installation of 10,000 new, 50-foot, wide-door cars built at an estimated cost of $180 million.

2 What is meant by a locomotive mile?

This a loco movement of one mile under its own power. Subdivided, there are freight-loco miles, passenger-loco miles, train-switching loco miles, yard-loco miles, work-service loco miles, and light-loco miles. Further sub-classifications of freight and passenger service are principal and helper miles. Actual mileage is reported, except in train and yard switching. Because of the difficulty in estimating the distance run by a yard goat, a figure for such mileage sometimes is arbitrarily computed.

3 (a) List names of Canadian railways in late 1930s. (b) Three with most mileage.

(a) There were 30 in all: Canadian National, Canadian Pacific, Northern Alberta, Temiskaming & Northern Ontario, Quebec Central, Pacific Great Eastern, Algoma Central & Hudson Bay, Dominion Atlantic, British Columbia Electric, Esquimalt & Nanaimo, Sydney & Louisburg, Temiscouta, White Pass & Yukon, Greater Winnipeg Water District, Lake Erie & Northern, Montreal & Southern Counties, Roveral & Saguenay, Canada & Gulf Terminal, Quebc Ry. Light & Power, Cumberland Ry. & Coal, Napierville Junction, London & Port Stanley, Oshawa, Essex Terminal, Maritime Coal Ry. & Power, Alma & Jonquiere, Morrissey, Fernie & Michel, Philipsburg Ry. & Quarry, Thousand Islands, and Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo.

(b) CN, 23,169 miles; CP, 17,220, and Northern Alberta, 923.

4 I'm nearing retirement on the Boston & Maine. Where can I get info on benefits to be collected?

Contact the nearest U.S. Railroad Retirement Board office. We hope you have already planned in some detail how you'll spend the years that lie ahead. Too many retirees die prematurely from avoidable diseases, or boredom, or a combination of both. Books about post-retirement activities, keeping physically fit as the years advance, etc., can be borrowed from any public library. Equally important are modern (we mean *modern*) ideas on nutrition that can help you to ward off illness, live longer in good health, and get more fun out of life. Why not drop into your nearest health-food store, look over the pocketbooks they carry on such subjects, and buy one or more of those that apply to your own case?

5 What was the purpose of Great Northern's 2-6-8-0 Mallets, built in the early 1900s?

There were 22 of these giants, designed as class M-2 and numbered 1963-1984. Baldwin built them in 1910. At that time GN had the most articulated engines of any U.S. road. Sixty-seven had been ordered in three batches. The first batch proved so successful on 2.2% Cascade Mountain grades, both in hauling ability and economy, that the company was encouraged to extend Mallet operation to districts having gradients as light as .072%. This released an earlier lot of 2-8-0s, which the Motive Power Department decided to convert into articulated machines. Baldwin added a new boiler-section to each loco and equipped each with a feedwater heater, superheater, and smokebox. Beneath this was placed a six-coupled steel unit, driven by low-pressure cylinders fed from the original high-pressure set. The lead truck was moved ahead of this unit, retaining in most respects—grate area, heating surface, etc.—the characteristics of the Consolidation type engine. It was estimated that in slow freight service the fuel consumption per ton-mile was cut by about 50 percent.

6 What can you tell me about the railroad bridge across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., that was recently destroyed by fire?

It wasn't. Although badly damaged early this year, the bridge was not destroyed. This important freight link with New England has been out of service for several months, but a return to full service is expected soon. Work started on the bridge in 1873. Due to money shortage, however, it wasn't finished until 1886, at a cost of $3,562,190. It has been strengthened many times since then. The span is 6,767 ft. long and 212 ft. above mean low water and was a conversational piece for passengers on the old Hudson River Day Line ships. Some years ago both passenger and freight trains traveled across, giving the riders a fine kaleidoscopic view. The bridge is all-freight now.

7 What is the oldest operational diesel on CP Rail?

This is switcher 7010, a DS-10a with 1000 hp, built by Alco for Canadian Pacific in 1943. It was originally used to haul transfers or to work in yard service, reducing the need for the aging 0-6-0 U class. The 7010 was one of five such locos in that order. Last we heard, she was based at Trois Rivieres, Quebec.

8 What is a hump yard?

A yard which has at one end a hump or hill, usually articifial. The lead track runs over it and branches out into all the yard tracks below. An incoming train is shoved up to the crest of the hump, and the two-cars are cut off one by one, or two by two, and allowed to roll down the hill into whichever tracks they are assigned.

9 Did the B&O try out electric power before the Civil War?

Yes, indeed. In April, 1851, Dr. Charles Grafton Page of Salem, Mass., ran an electric car from Washington to Bladensburg, Md., and back, on the Washington branch. Although impractical, this car started great interest among those who witnessed its performance. One reason for its failure was the heavy weight and cost of the storage batteries used to feed its motor.

10 Words, please, to "The Flapjacks at Mojave," by Leslie Curtis.

At the station of Mojave—Califrnia's desert spot—
There's a cool and cheerful haven, though the rest is parched and hot.
'Tis the lunchroom at the station on the good old Santa Fe,
Where they serve old-fashioned flapjacks in the good old-fashioned way,
But I wonder if the waitress, young and attractive, trim of waist,
As she laughs and serves the flapjacks, doesn't sort of help the taste?

Oh, those flapjacks at Mojave, in a maple syrup sea,
Served by someone neat and nifty seem like nectar brewed for me,
When I come in worn and dirty from an extra heavy run
And get settled at the counter for a bit of chaff and fun,
While my charmer calls for flapjacks and then stops to chin awhile,
Ere she places them before me with a most alluring smile.

Then I wonder, as I see them—round and tempting, piping hot,
With a stream of maple syrup running gently from the pot—
If she'd like to... Yes I'll do it! Looks as though she might agree
To a cottage at Mojave with a chap that looks like me.
And I'll promise, if she'll have me, to make all her life as sweet
As the flapjacks at Mojave where the sky and desert meet.

11 Names, please, of the last dining cars acquired by Atlantic Coast Line from Pullman Standard.

Atlanta, Birmingham, Cordele, Fitzgerald, Greenville, LaGrange, Moultrie, Plant City, Talladega, and *Tarboro,* and there may even be a few others.

12 Give me brief histories of (a) the Shore Line Electric Ry. and (b) the New Haven & Shore Line Railway.

(a) It was incorporated in Connecticut on June 6, 1905, to build from Stony Creek in Branford, east of New Haven, through Long Island Sound communities to Old Saybrook and up along the Conn. River to Essex and Ivoryton. A few years later the line was extended to Chester via Deep River. Money ran out and if Morton F. Plant, son of a rail mogul who had extensive southern interests, hadn't come to the rescue, the railroad might have had an early death. Through lease and purchase, it acquired the Norwich & Westerly, Groton & Stonington, New London & East Lyme, and New London Division of Conn. Co., which extended the SLE into southwestern Rhode Island and within a few miles of the Massachusetts line in northeastern Connecticut. At this time it was New England's fifth largest and most unprofitable interurban system. Equipment consisted of 111 passenger cars, 2 freight cars, 10 snowplows, 16 service cars, and four combines. The North Branford wreck in 1917, death of Plant the following year, and crippling strikes in 1919 threw the line into receivership in October of that year. It was then broken up, piece by piece.

(b) NH&SL was incorporated in April, 1923, to buy the remaining Shore Line Electric properties extending from Old Saybrook to New Haven, 35.5 miles. Hardly a moneymaker, its service was abandoned Dec. 29, 1929.

13 What do white and green flags on locomotives mean?

White flags (white lights by night) on the front end indicate the train is an extra or special. Green flags (green lights at night) show it is being followed by another section of the same-numbered train.

14 I work for the Rock Island and have 29½ years of railroading to my credit. Do I have to work another half year to be eligible for this 30/60 retirement provision?

No. For railroad retirement annuities, 354 months (29½ years) of railroad service is counted as 30 years.

15 Name the railroads that ran in Nebraska in the late 1930s?

The Burlington, Chicago Great Western, Chicago & North Western, Illinois Central, Missouri Pacific, Milwaukee Road, Omaha & Council Bluffs, Rock Island, Santa Fe, Union Pacific, Wabash, and Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha.

16 Which is the world's highest railroad station?

Ticlio, on the Peruvian Central Railway of South America, in the Andes Mts., 15,610 feet above sea level. From that point the Morococha branche leaves the mainline and climbs still higher to 15,848 feet above sea level, the topmost railway summit on the globe.

17 Was there ever a Colorado & North Western Railroad?

Yes. This three-foot-gage line was opened from Boulder to Ward in 1898, and to Eldora, Colo., in 1905, a total of 45 miles. Four years later it was reorganized as the Denver, Boulder & Western.

Running Extra

I WANT exact dates when the Southern Ry. absorbed the following roads: Central of Georgia; Georgia & Florida; Savannah & Atlanta; South Carolina; Live Oak, Perry & Gulf; Georgia Northern; Georgia; Ashburn, Sylvester & Camilla; and Albany & Northern.—Dr. Edward A. Metz, R.D. 1, Box 249-EG, Fox Chase Rd., Harrisburg, Pa. 17111.

RECENT item about short lines operating sleeping cars didn't mention the Illinois Terminal. My 1933 timetable shows its *Owl* had two sleepers, one between St. Louis and Peoria, the other between St. Louis and Springfield. By 1939 only the St. Louis to Peoria sleeper remained.—Earl A. Yorke, 27257 Currier, Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48125.

WANTED: the addresses of Richard J. Cook, Lloyd Dunning, and H. R. Bates, who had photos in your magazine.—Gerald Adams, 14029 Hazelmere Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44111. (*Note from Barbara:* Cook's address is Public Relations Dept., Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, 1102 B. of L.E. Bldg., 1365 Ontario Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44114. We can't locate the other two men for you.)

LINWOOD MOODY's book, *The Maine Two-Footers,* encompassed all 2-foot lines in that state, not just the Sandy River. It is still available at a few old bookstores.—Richard Hoisington, 6 Park Ave., Derry, N.H. 03038.

I HAVE an oilcan initialed GWSS. What railroad? It's a quart-size can with a brass cup on top of the spout.—John Kunis, 707 Virginia Ave., Cumberland, Md. 21502.

I OWN an engine plate from CNR 4006, class 2-10-2; also a large photo of her at Moncton, N.B., taken about 35 years ago. Would like to hear from any engineer or fireman who worked on her. J. M. Cameron, P.O. Box 325, Cornwall, Ont., Canada K6H 5T1.

INFO WANTED on the International & Great Northern from beginning to bankruptcy.—John Hedge, 304 N. Glover Dr., Longview, Texas 75601.

WHAT HAPPENED to the diesel

streamliner built by GM for the Pennsy in the 1950s? There was a picture of it on Pennsy's '56 calendar. I worked at Pitcairn enginehouse for many years.—Lewis Janey, 434 3rd St., Pitcairn, Pa., 15140.

ANYONE have Rock Island loco numbers that hauled the *Rocky Mt.* Limited in the spring of '27? I know they were Pacifics.—Wm. Kerr, 11195 San Lucas Dr., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354.

MY HUSBAND, a retired railroad engineer, and I are trying to find a copy of the poem believed to be titled, "The Boxcars Riding the Shiny Rails."—Mrs. W. J. O'Brien, 5212 E. Second St., Superior, Wis. 54880.

ANYONE know about locomotive clocks? I have illustrations of some, dated 1867 to 1885, in a Seth Thomas clock and watch catalog. Were they actually used on engines? Have a few in my collection. Their construction permits a high degree of accuracy.—Al Stevens, 1931 South Central Ave., South Plainfield, N.J. 07080.

THE GEORGIA NORTHERN has been part of the Southern Ry. (not Seaboard Coast Line) since 1966. Southern has completely rebuilt about 33 miles of original roadbed with ribbon-rail. It operates run-through service with Union Pacific and Missouri Pacific from North Platte, Neb., to Jacksonville, Fla.—Bob Hasty, Box 1179, Mt. Berry, Ga.

I WANT the name and address of the person who sought info on the Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek district.—T. R. Grosvenor, 208 E. 26 N, Apt. 4, Wichita, Kan. 67219.

ANY BOOK around giving railroad abandonment dates?—Gary Jacobs, 6404 Ward Rd., Sanborn, N.Y. 14132.

RADIO STATION WSM, Nashville, Tenn., years ago carried a nightly broadcast featuring the L&N's *Pan American* passing a certain local tower and giving the engineer's name. Were records cut of those broadcasts? If so, are any left today?—Wayne Reedy, 1228 Congress St., Box 112, Middletown, Ind.

I HAVE a switch padlock with initials NL&OP Co. Which railroad?—Ed Meacham, 65 E. Mira Monte Ave., Sierra Madre, Calif. 91024.

I WANT old and new numbers of E units rebuilt by Morrison-Knudson of Idaho for Burlington Northern commuter service between Chicago and Aurora.—Charles Morehart, 710 N. Wawla, La Grange Park, Ill. 60525.

THE FIRST Mexican loco, *La Doblana,* ran Sept. 16, 1850 on the Veracruz Paso de San Juan.—Carlos L. Vazquez, Gabriel Mancera 259 Dept. 2, Col. del Valle, Mexico 12, D.F.

WHEN was the earliest date-nail used? Which railroad was the first to adopt them? When was the last one used?—F. W. Colburn, Rte. 5, Box 441A., Swanton, Ohio 43558.

WHAT is a Southern Pacific card entitled "Engineers' Oral Acknowledgement of Form Y Clearance"? A conductor on the *City of San Francisco* game one to me as we were coming into Oakland from Sacramento in 1970.—John Newman, Collier-Hamilton, Box 52, University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore. 97403.

Seaboard Coast Line freight highballing at 60-plus mph over Tar River bridge at Kittrell, N.C., on Feb. 23, 1974, with locos 1613, 1552, 1550, and 1595.

Curtis C. Tillotson, Jr., College St., Oxford, N.C., 27565

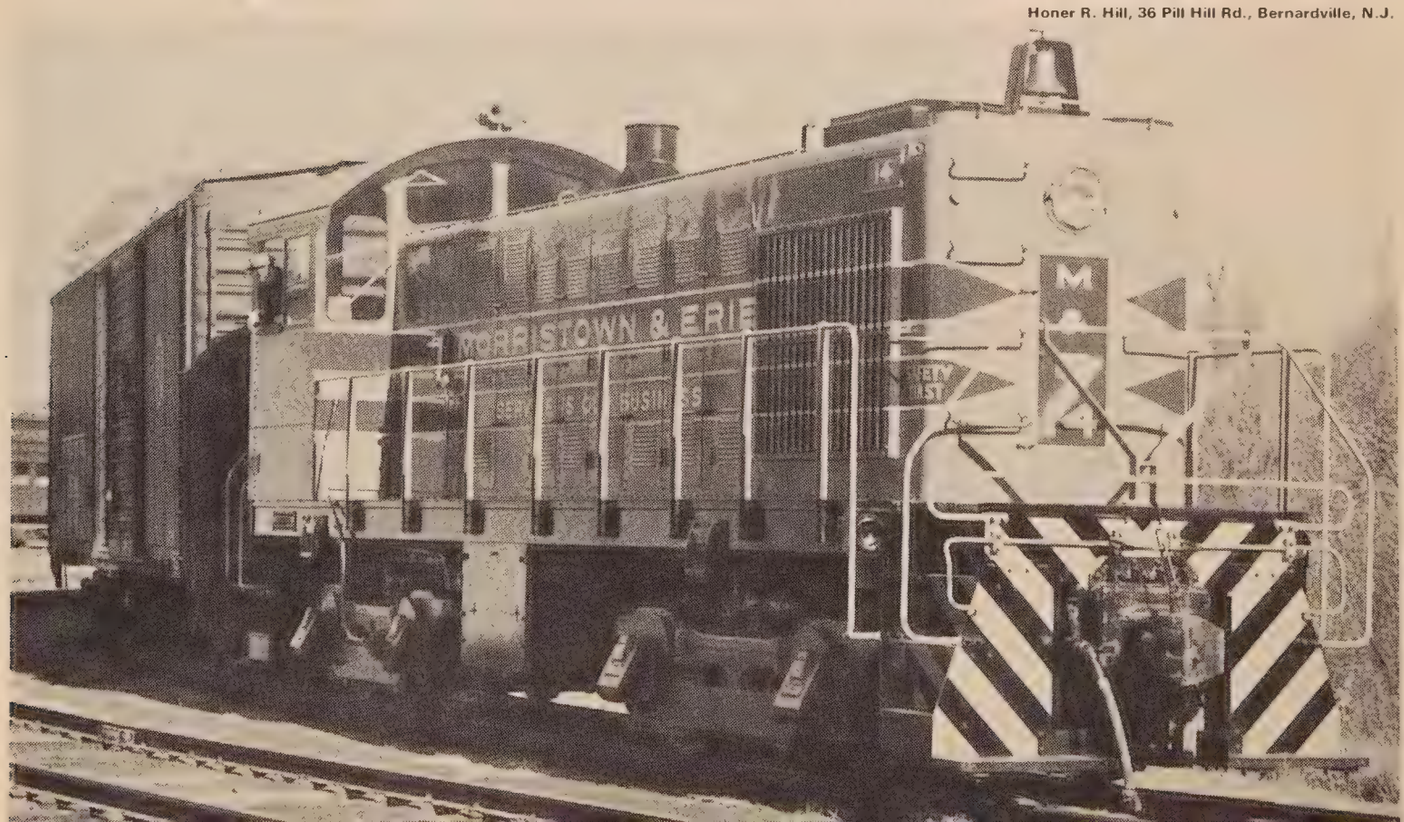
NEW JERSEY SHORTLINES

Locomotive Roster Compiled by Sy Reich

Railroad Class	Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
Black River & Western Railroad									
----	1	85	Mack	BR	B	10,000	30,000	1935	24
----	14	----	Porter	----	0-6-0	?	?	1920	25
----	60	----	Alco	----	2-8-0	31,290	310,600	1937	26
----	400 (1st)	400	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1950	27
----	400 (2nd)	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	50,000	198,000	1943	28
----	565	----	Alco	----	2-6-0	?	?	1908	29
----	7079	400	GE	65-ton	B-B	32,500	126,000	1941	30
East Jersey Railroad & Terminal									
----	17-18	550	GE	65-ton	B-B	32,500	130,000	1950	
Hoboken Shore Railroad									
----	700	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	26,400	88,000	1947	
----	701	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	26,400	88,000	1947	
The Lehigh & Hudson River Railway									
----	1-3	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	52,500	240,000	1950	1,31,36
----	4-9	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	52,500	240,000	1950	1,32
----	10-11	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	52,500	240,000	1950	1,32
----	12	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	56,500	240,000	1951	31
----	13	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	56,500	240,000	1951	33
----	21-22	2000	Alco Pr.	DL-721A	B-B	57,200	264,000	1963	35
----	23-24	2000	Alco Pr.	DL-721A	B-B	57,200	264,000	1965	
----	25-26	2000	Alco Pr.	DL-721A	B-B	57,200	264,000	1966	34
----	27-29	2000	Alco Pr.	DL-721A	B-B	57,200	264,000	1966	
Lehigh & New England Railroad (abandoned)									
OE-3	611	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,775	231,000	1948	2
OE-3	612-613	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,775	231,000	1949	2
OE-3	614-616	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,775	231,100	1949	2
OE-2	651	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	62,400	249,600	1949	3
OE-2	652-653	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	62,400	249,600	1949	3
OE-2	654-655	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	62,400	249,600	1949	3
OE-2	656-657	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	62,400	249,600	1949	3
OE-2	658-659	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	62,400	249,600	1949	3
OE-2	660-663	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	62,400	249,600	1949	3
OE-1-A	701-702	1500	Alco-GE	FA-1	B-B	59,375	237,500	1948	4
OE-1-A	703-706	1500	Alco-GE	FA-1	B-B	59,375	237,500	1948	4
OE-1-A	707-709	1500	Alco-GE	FA-1	B-B	59,375	237,500	1948	4
OE-1-A	710	1500	Alco-GE	FA-1	B-B	59,375	237,500	1949	4
OE-1-B	751-752	1500	Alco-GE	FB-1	B-B	57,325	229,300	1948	5
OE-1-B	753	1500	Alco-GE	FB-1	B-B	57,325	229,300	1949	5
Lehigh & New England Railway									
FSD-40	1531-1532	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	40,000	251,000	1952	6
-79	1601	1600	Alco-GE	RSD-4	C-C	90,055	360,760	1951	7

Morristown & Erie unit No. 14, photographed twenty-two years ago at Mountain, N.J.

Honer R. Hill, 36 Pill Hill Rd., Bernardville, N.J.



Morristown & Erie Railroad

----	14	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	69,000	230,000	1952	8
----	15	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,000	240,000	1944	37

Mount Hope Mineral Railroad (owns no motive power)

New Jersey & New York Railroad (owns no motive power)

New York & Long Branch Railroad (owns no motive power)

New York, Susquehann & Western Railroad

----	150-151	150	Whitcomb	?	B	14,000	42,000	1942	10
----	200	300	GE	45-ton	B-B	22,5000	90,000	1957	9
----	202,204	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	69,000	230,000	1941	11
----	203,205	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	69,000	230,000	1942	
----	206,208	1000	Alco-Ge	S2	B-B	69,000	230,000	1942	12
----	230	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1944	
----	231,233(st)	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1941	38
----	231,233 (2nd)	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1943	13
----	232,234,236	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1945	12
---	238,240	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1945	
----	242,244	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1945	12
----	246	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1947	14
----	248	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1947	12
----	250	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1947	15
----	252	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1947	
----	254,256	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	72,400	240,000	1953	16
----	1800,1802,1804	1800	GM-EMD	GP18	B-B	73,200	240,000	1962	

Pennsylvania & Atlantic Railroad (owns no motive power)

Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines

EF-20a	2000-2004	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	60,000	260,000	1967	
EF-20a	2005-2009	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	?	?	1969	
EF-20a	2010-2011	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	?	?	1970	39
BS-15ms	6000-6005	1500	BW	DRS 4-4-1500	B-B	44,500	240,000	1950	17
BS-7	6006	800	BLHW	S8	B-B	49,600	198,500	1951	
BS-16ms	6007-6010	1600	BLHW	AS16	B-B	60,500	242,000	1953	17
BS-16ms	6011-6016	1600	BLHW	AS16	B-B	60,500	242,000	1953	17
BS-12	6017-6020	1200	BLHW	S-12	B-B	60,000	240,000	1953	
BS-12	6021	1200	BLHW	S-12	B-B	60,000	240,000	1953	
BS-16	6022-6023	1600	BLHW	AS16	B-B	60,500	242,000	1955	
BS-16ms	6024-6027	1600	BLHW	AS16	B-B	60,500	242,000	1956	17
BS-12m	6028-6033	1200	BLH	S-12	B-B	60,000	240,000	1956	

Rahway Valley Railroad

----	16	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1951
----	17	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	35,000	140,000	1954

Raritan River Rail Road

----	1-6	900	GM-EMD	SW900	B-B	57,500	230,000	1954

The Staten Island Railroad

SA-3	9027-9028, 9030-9031, 9033	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1943-4	19

The Staten Island Rapid Transit Railway

SG-2	8302	400	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1950	22
SG-1	8800	400	GE	65-ton	B-B	32,175	131,100	1943	21
SA-3C	9005	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	57,500	230,000	1953	18
SA-3C	9011-9012	1000	Alco	S4	B-b	57,500	230,000	1955	18
SA-3	9026-9033	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1943-4	19
SA-3C	9135	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	33,700	241,700	1949	20

Trenton-Princeton Traction Company (owns no motive power)

Wharton & Northern Railroad

PD-25	2000-2002	BW	DRX 6-4-2000	A1A-A1A	63,910	383,500	1946 7	23
PD-25	2003-2005	2000	BW	DRX 6-4-2000	A1A-A1A	63,910	383,500	1948	23

PennsylvaniaReading Seashore Lines 6000, DRS 4-4-1500 **Photograph by Sy Reich**

Roster is based on data from BRW&W's master mechanic; CNJ's vice pres.-equipment; Naporano Iron & Metal; M&E's superintendent; EL's chief mechanical officer; U.S. Naval Ammunition Depot; SOU's asst. vice pres.; Garrett Railroad Car & Equipment's president; NYS&W's chief mechanical officer; Rar. Riv. RR.; PPG's plant traffic & order mgr. Luntz; C&O's chief mechanical officer-locomotive. It is accurate as of the first quarter, 1974.

For the purpose of our rosters, a short line railroad is defined as a common carrier listed in the Official Guide, the Pocket List of Railroad Officials, or both, with a route length less than 400 miles.

Abbreviations used; HP, horsepower; Alco; American Locomotive Co.; GE, General Electric Co.; Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co-General Electric Co.; Alco Pr., Alco Products; GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; BW, Baldwin-Westinghouse; BLHW, Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton-Westinghouse; BLH, Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton; Wheel Arngt; wheel arrangement. Weight and tractive effort in pounds.

(1) L&HR 2, 5-9, 11 were traded to Alco Pr. for new power (1966).

(2) L&NERR 611 was sold to George R. Silcott; then to Ford Motor Co., renumbered 10013. L&NERR 612-616 were sold to the Louisville & Nashville, renumbered 2370-2374. L&N 2370-2371, 2373-2374 were re-engined by L&N with GM-EMD engines to 1200hp. L&N 2372 was retired (3/71).

(3) L&NERR 651, 653, 657, 659-660, 663 were sold to Raymond International, Inc., renumbered 1501-1506 (9/61); then to Whisler Equipment (1966-67). Raymond were sold to Altos Hornos de Mexico, renumbered 128-129. Raymond 1501, 1503, 1504 were sold to Precision Engineering, and scrapped. Disposition of 1505 is unknown. L&NERR 652, 654-656, 658, 661-662 were sold to the L&N and renumbered 265-271. L&N 265-271 were traded to GE for new L&N power and scrapped.

(4) L&NERR 701-710 were sold to L&N, renumbered 332-341. L&N 333 was traded to GM-EMD for new L&N power. L&N 332, 335-336, 338-339, 341 were traded to Alco Pr. for new L&N power and scrapped. L&N 334, 337, 340 were traded to GE for new L&N power and scrapped

(5) L&NERR 751-753 were sold to L&N, renumbered 327-329; then traded to Alco Pr. for new power and scrapped.

(6) L&NERRy 1531-1532 were originally Central Railroad of New Jersey 1526 (1st), 1532, class FPSD-37; then CNJ 1531 (2nd) 1532 class FSD-37; then L&NERY 1531-1532 (1962. All rebuilt in 1959.

(7) L-NERY 1601 was originally CNJ1601 then L-NERY 1601, then sold to Naporano Iron & Metal and scrapped.

(8) M&E 14, rebuilt in 1960, is named The Maritius Jensen.

(9) NYS&W 200 was sold to George R. Silcott, then to Quebec Iron & Titanium Co., renumbered 24.

(10) NYS&W 150-151 were originally U.S. Army 2089, 2092; then USA 7720, 7723; then NYS&W 150-151; then sold to Sea Train Lines and an unknown buyer, but not necessarily in that order.

(11) NYS&W 204 was sold to George R. Silcott, then traded to Precision Engineering for D&RGW 111 and scrapped.

(12) Schiavone & Bonomo scrapped NYS&W 208, 232, 242, 244, 248.

(13) NYS&W 233 (2nd) was sold to George R. Silcott, then to the Genessee & Wyoming, used for spare parts.

(14) NYS&W 246 was sold to Tennessee Railroad, renumbered 6 (7/63); then inheritted by Southern Ry., not renumbered; then sold to Garrett Railroad Car & Equipment, then sold to George R. Silcott, renumbered 16.

(15) NYS&W 250 was sold to Vermont Ry. (11/65), renumbered 250; then traded to GM-EMD for VTR 501 (9/66).

(16) North Hudson Iron & Metal Co. scrapped NYS&W 254.

(17) These PRSL units were scrapped in 1968; 6002, 6007, 6009, 6011-6012, 6014, 6026. Also scrapped were PRSL6004-6005, 6015, 6008, 6010.

(18) SIRT 9005, 9011-9012 were originally Baltimore & Ohio 539, 471-472 class DS-5AC; then B&O 9005, 9011-9012, class SA-3C; then SIRT 9005, 9011-9012; then B&O 9005, 9011-9012.

(19) SIRT 9026-9033 were originally SIRT 482-489, class DS-5A; then SIRT 9026-9033. SIRT 9026, 9029 were sold to Luntz Corp (11/3/72), which claims it did not receive these units. SIRT 9032 was sold to GM-EMD (3/25/71). SIRT 9027-9028, 9030-9031, 9033 were sold to SIR, renumbered 9027-9038, 9030-9031, 9033.

(20) SIRT 9135 was originally Chesapeake & Ohio 5001, then B&O 9135, then SIRT 9135, then B&O 9135.

(21) SIRT 8800 was originally SIRT 184, then SIRT 194, class DS-7G; then SIRT 8800; then sold to Manufacturers Equipment Co., then sold to Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. and named St. Joe.

(22) SIRT 8302 was originally B&O 20, then B&O 8802, then B&O 8302, then SIRT 8302, then B&O 8302.

(23) W&N 2000-2005 were transferred to CNJ, reclassed PD-30 (12/52); then scrapped.

(24) BR&W 1 was originally Bigelow-Sanford Co. (no number), then Harrison Warehouse Corp. 1, then

(25) BR&W 14 was originally Mesta Machine Co. ?, then Brooklyn Eastern District Terminal 14, then Rail Tours 14, then BR&W 14.

(26) BR&W 60 was originally Great Western 60, then BR&W 60.

(27) BR&W 400 (1st) was originally Long Island Rail Road 400, then BR&W 400 (1st), then Stephan Bogen 400, then Valley Railroad 400.

(28) BR&W 400 (2nd) was originally Boward County Port Authority (Port Everglades Belt) 400, then BR&W 400 (2nd) (4/68).

(29) BR&W 565 was originally Delaware, Lackawanna & Western 565; then Dansville & Mount Morris 565; then BR&W 565. No longer on roster

(30) BR&W 7079 was originally U.S. Army 7079, then BR&W 7079.

(31) L&HR 12, 3 were sold to Vermont Ry., renumbered 601-602 (1/70).

(32) L&HR 4, 10 were sold to the St. Johnsbury & Lamoille County. L&HR 4 was renumbered SJ&LC 204, then sold to the Lamoille County. L&HR 10 was not renumbered.

(33) L&HR 13 was sold to George R. Silcott, renumbered 13; then to the San Manuel Arizona.

(34) L&HR 25-26 were sold to the British Columbia, renumbered 631-632.

(35) L&HR 22 was sold to the Essex Terminal, renumbered 106 (8/72).

(36) L&HR 1 was sold to the Point Comfort & Northern.

(37) M&E 15 was originally U.S. Navy 6, then M&E 15. It is named The R.W. McEwan.

(38) NYS&W 231, 233 (1st) were requisitioned by the USA, rebuilt by Alco-GE to C-C wheel arrangement, renumbered 8000-8001 (1/43, 10/42). USA 8000 Navy, renumbered 65-00575. USA sold to U.S. 8001 was sold to Alaska, renumbered 1085 (4/50); then rebuilt and renumbered 1057 (2/53), then retired (5/65).

(39) PRSL 2010-2011 was sold to Penn Central, renumbered 2010-2011.

The Erie's most famous Centipede, the *Matt Shay,* is shown at Susquehanna, Pa., July 17, 1921.
Collection of Harold K. Vollrath, 8938 Maple Drive., Shawnee-Mission, Kan. (Prints available)

THE ERIE CENTIPEDES

by Andrew Goobeck

WHICH was the world's biggest locomotive? That title is subject to broad interpretation, with overall length, weight, tractive effort and horsepower among the more familiar yardsticks. Add the simple and compound ratings of articulated steamers and the cheerful practice of classing any number of multiple-unit motors as a single engine and it becomes plain that there is nothing like a standardized basis of comparison.

Even so, I can state without qualification that I once handfired the world's largest. For when the Erie's giant triplex *Matt H. Shay, No. 5014,* rolled into Susquehanna, Pa., back in 1914, there was no contemporary rival, steam or electric, worthy to lock coupler knuckles with this 24-drivered behemoth.

Most of the town turned up on the memorable summer's day when the big girl put in her first appearance in the Erie yards below the depot. Rumors had made us curious and more than a little glum. We had been told that this Baldwin-built mill, named for a veteran engineman with a great service record, had a tractive effort equal to that developed by one of our conventional Mallets plus two Consolidations—the usual helper consist assigned to tonnage trains bound for Gulf Summit, eight miles to the east.

My own preliminary inspection of the 5014 left me unimpressed. An old hogger at my elbow summed it up pretty well when he turned on his heel with the cryptic crack: "Too damn many legs, like a centipede!"

I had just been called for a six-hour trick on the deck of a handfired "Malley," so I had to postpone a really close examination of the new giant and rely upon the observations of fellow enginemen. Technically, she was known as a triplex compound, an arrangement involving the use of two high-pressure and four low-pressure cylinders.

G.R. Henderson, a famed consulting engineer for Baldwin Locomotive Works, had patented the steam distribution system, while the 5014's design incorporated numerous ideas suggested by Bill Schlaige, the general mechanical superintendent of the Eire.

Henderson's plan called for the high-pressure bores to be located directly under the boiler dome. The right one exhausted into a receiver which supplied the front pair of low-pressure cylinders, while the left h.p. exhaust fed the rear low-pressure

The *Matt H. Shay:* Baldwin builder's photo.

engine beneath the tender in like manner. All six cylinders were of equal size, having a diameter of 36 inches and a stroke of 32. This detail, of course, provided the one-to-two cylinder and volume ratio customary in compound locomotives.

To feed steam to the engines a conical boiler with an evaporative heating area of 6,886 square ft. had been built. The firebox was not of excessive size, but its 90 square feet of grate area required the use of a mechanical stoker—the first ever employed by the Erie for other than experimental purposes.

EVERY fireman had to make student trips before he qualified to be called for the 5014. If I recall correctly, I put in all of mine on a single day with engineer George Ball and fireman Dan Connors.

Not long afterward I had my first solo tussle with an old Street stoker. To give a candid opinion of that noisy, ineffectual lignite-monger would call for a dozen expletives not ordinarily used in *Railroad Magazine*. Although it was a blistering hot day, my hogger pointedly complained of chills, and no less than three times in the eight-mile trip up the mountain we stopped to fill the vacuum around the dry pipe.

Naturally, I experimented with every steam-jet valve and operating lever connected with the stoker. At last, in a fine spirit of helpfulness, the eagle-eye reminded me that a tank of coal was supposed to be sufficient for several trips to Gulf Summit, so I cut down the stoker feeds. A few minutes later I looked into the firebox and I swear I almost saw the ashpan slides. On a second trip that day I managed to do a little better, but not enough to brag about.

The "iron man," however, was not the basic fault of the triplex. That locomotive just wouldn't steam. Her safety valves were set for 210 pounds; but after the throttle was cracked and the interjector turned on, nobody worried about the possibility of a boiler explosion from excess pressure.

One of the motive power men—I think it was Alfred Penney—used to say the best place for anybody to cool off was behind the *Matt Shay's* boilerhead. The needle on the steam gage consistently pointed at the tallowpot's seatbox. I must have hammered its casing more times than there are hopper cars in the State of Pennsylvania, trying to get it to register a couple of extra pounds. But if the triplex wasn't a horsepower producer, at least she had plenty of starting tractive effort—160,000 pounds, working compound!

A MAJOR demonstration of her hauling capacity took place in the fall of 1914, when Erie officials rocked the tonnage-minded railroad world back on its heels by coupling 250 cars to her. For several weeks prior to the test, loaded 50-ton hoppers were cut out of trains passing through Binghamton, N.Y., and sidetracked into the yards at that point. When the amazing consist was at last accumulated, it was tied to the *Matt Shay's* tail, with a couple of switchers backing up the crummy to ease the starting strain on the drawbars.

With engineer George Ball at the throttle and Dan Connors cussing out the stoker, the big mill slowly got the long train under way, heading for her home terminal 23 miles to the east.

Around Great Bend, where the Susquehanna makes its famous staple turn, a maximum speed of 15 miles per hour was recorded in the dynamometer car plugged back of the tank. Things looked rosy with only 8 miles to go, but just about the time Ball was snaking onto the curce an airhose blew and the train parted in two places!

Then I entered the picture. I was firing the 1830 for Jim Tighe one day. She was a hybrid Mallet, rebuilt from a Consolidation engine of the same number and having a 2-6-8-0 wheel arrangement. She was sitting in the Susquehanna yards, quietly taking a sunbath, when the triplex waddled in with the first section of her broken train. At once we got orders to back up for the second cut, consisting of 105 hoppers. The run was made without incident, but it gave me a thrill to be part of this.

SHORTLY after the big test run I was called, one morning, to handle the stoker valves on the 5014. After pushing a big "junk" up the hill, we trailed Number 1 down into town again. Arriving at the station, we were flagged by the yardmaster and ordered to stop alongside a newly built portable stairway, located between the east and westbound tracks.

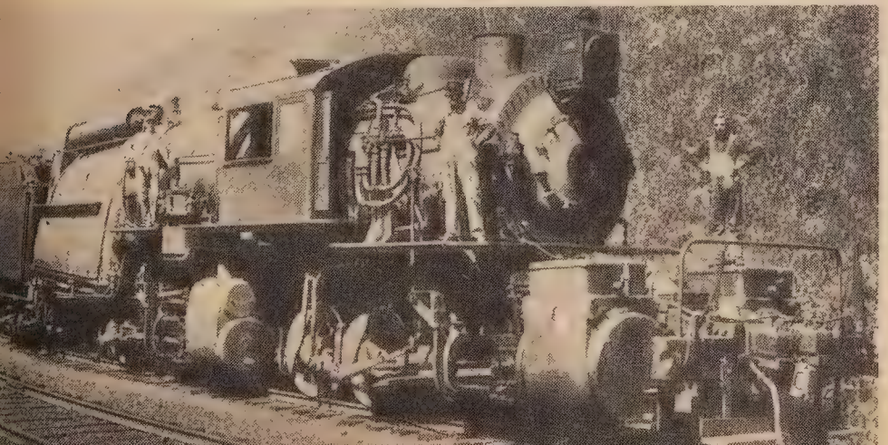
The occasion was an official inspection by the brass hats. At least five Erie executives climbed onto the broad deck of the *Matt Shay* to get an eyeful of the boilerhead. One of them, perched on the seatbox, was looking me over, too. With more than four years seniority at the ripe old age of 21, I had reason for a guilty conscience.

When the gentleman climbed out of the cab I overheard him say: "Yeah, some engine, but look at the kid firing her." Later I learned that he was Mr. Underwood, one-time president of the Erie.

By virtue of seniority George Ball and George Fordyce were the first two enginemen regularly assigned to the 5014. The way both of these hogheads pulled a

Erie 2602 (Schenectady 1908) at Port Jervis in 1915.

Collection of Harold K. Vollrath



The *Matt H. Shay* in test run on Erie rails.

throttle made me suspect they'd had thorough, practical training on a dairy farm. Arriving at the summit, after a battle out of Susquehanna, whichever one was holding down the right-hand seatbox would invariably ask: "Well, how many sons of bitches did you call me on this trip?"

Sometimes the ratio was six to every exhaust.

I have said that the *Matt Shay* had a gargantuan boiler. Expanding from 94-inch diameter at the front end to 108½ at the dome, it was triple-riveted longitudinally.

If you go in for figures, listen to these. That boiler contained 326 two-and-one-quarter-inch tubes and 53 five-and-one-half-inch superheater flues, all measuring 24 feet in length. A 4½ foot combustion chamber had been provided, and the squat dome housed a Chambers throttle valve connected in the usual manner to an inside dry-pipe. The Schmidt superheater was the largest ever applied to a locomotive. It had 53 elements and 1,584 square feet of heating surface.

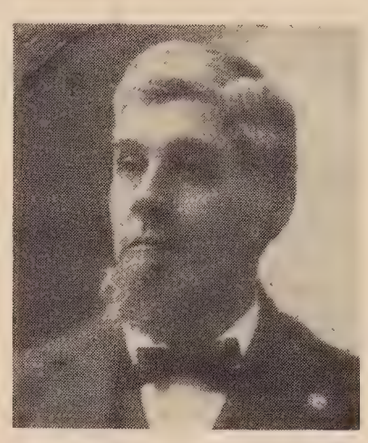
FROM this description you can imagine that the job of moving the old girl a short distance required experience, skill, and good luck. Accepted practice was to open the throttle for a fraction of a second and then close it again (actually before the drivers started to turn), thus giving the steam a chance to fill the long dry-pipe and the superheater units.

My first attempt at this came very near to being my last. Once again George Ball was there to make things easy for me. Old-timers in Susquehanna may recall that this hogger was a fanatic on the subject of pedestal wedges—those pie-shaped segments that take up play in the main driving boxes. He was forever tinkering with them, down on the "pusher switch."

That switch was a short siding located just west of the station and on the near bank of the river, because the *Matt Shay* wasn't allowed to venture her massive weight upon the bridge with a train. Light pushers always helped eastbound freights as far as the depot.

The day in question was insufferably hot. Train 2 was stretched out beside us, with her rear Pullmans just to the left of the 5014. More than one passenger glued his face to a window, taking in the details of our mammoth engine.

The airpumps had been shut off in order to keep the exhaust from fanning the fire and old George was on the ground with his oilcan and wrench.



Engr. Matt H. Shay, for whom the big locomotive was named.

Suddenly he called up to me: "Hey, Andy, move her ahead about a half turn."

This meant cutting in the pumps until there was enough pressure to handle the air reverse and brakes.

Meanwhile, George was getting impatient. "Come on! Move her, he yelled.

So I opened the throttle a little—shut it off again, and waited. Nothing happened. A second try proved equally ineffective, and George's temper wasn't improving. Whereupon I yanked at the inverted lever; opened it wider. At that the 5014 let out a roar and fairly jumped at the Pullman standing over the pusher switch.

My first move was to throw her in reverse and slap on the brakes. A split second later the tender was charging up the embankment at the other end of the siding and I had to drop the reverse lever forward to avoid another collision. By now the brakes were beginning to take hold, but the *Matt Shay* made another round trip on her 200-foot track before grinding to a stop.

Meanwhile, George Ball raced up and down the track, screaming at the top of his lungs: "Stop her—stop her!"

As soon as I had time I asked him just what he thought I was trying to do, and sat down to wipe my perspiring forehead. The derail probably would have kept the engine from sideswiping Number 2, but that detracted little from the general scare.

Perhaps you are wondering about my claim of having fired this stoker-equipped centipede by hand. Believe it or not, that was one of the few times we brought the triplex to the top of Gulf Summit Hill with the gage registering full pressure.

It was midnight under a star-sprinkled sky when a fast freight pulled by the pusher switch. George followed her along the main and tied onto the caboose. Two long whistles and we were off on another battle up the mountain.

A couple of miles to the east lay the famous Starucca Viaduct. Built in 1848, it remains today as one of the largest and finest examples of stone masonry work ever done in this country. Eighteen well-poised arches rise to a height of more than 100 feet above the broad throat of Starucca Valley, and a quarter of a mile of double-tracked roadway rests upon their thirty-foot-wide shoulders.

As we approached this viaduct on the night in question, a broken pin disabled the stoker's chain-bucket conveyer. Emergency repairs were out of the question, as Train 48, the *Southern Tier Express,* was due to leave Susquehanna station in about 20 minutes. Thus it was either a case of backing the entire drag down to J.A. tower and onto the westbound track, or of trying to fire the 5014 by hand as far as XR passing siding, located about halfway between Susquehanna and Gulf Summit.

Old George, of course, had blown for brakes and shut off the throttle as soon as the stoker failed. Otherwise, the light bed of fire would soon have disappeared. Shortly afterward, the conductor and his middle brakeman were in the cab, all hot and bothered about plugging 48. George asked me if I thought I could hand-fire the old girl and I agreed to try if he'd talk the two trainmen into passing up coal to me. This was necessary because the tender gates were a good eight feet from the firebox door.

The brains and the brakie went to work at once and so did I. Putting on the blower, I shoveled coal for about ten minutes,

building up a deep bed and taking care to bank the back corners as heavily as possible. Meanwhile, the hogger turned on the injector and we got under way with a full glass and the needle on the pin.

NONE of us expected to go beyond XR; but oddly enough when we reached the siding, the triplex still showed a full head of steam.

"How about making it to Gulf Summit?" George hollered.

"Sure thing," I yelled back happily. "We'll make these paycheck bandits earn their money."

George nodded, widened out the throttle, and increased the feedwater supply. Still the gage stayed pegged above 200 pounds Train 48 never caught our block that night.

As for the Starucca Viaduct that structure had never been intended to bear the weight of modern traffic. maintenance-of-way men were skittish about trusting the *Matt Shay* on its slender arches. For nearly a year no other train was permitted to occupy the viaduct simultaneously. Then, in 1916, two other triplex locomotives were put in service on the line, with restrictive orders forbidding two of these behemoths to venture upon it at one time. Before I left Susquehanna in the fall of the same year, this ruling, like the first, had been lifted.

The sister centipedes, numbered the 5015 and 5016, incorporated certain changes to improve their performance. One was an increase in grate area, accomplished by omitting a bridgeway and extending the grate to the full length of the furnace. Also, a longer combustion chamber was installed.

The tenders on all three locomotives were provided with feedwater heaters. These consisted of long drums, running longitudinally under the tank centers. Each drum was about 20 inches in diameter and contained a bundle of 31 two-and-one-fourth-inch tubes measuring about 24 feet in length. The exhaust from the rear low-pressure engine passed through these flues and heated the water around them before being delivered to the atmosphere by a stack at the back of the tank. The water, in its turn, was delivered to the boiler by single-acting pumps. I really believe that had these worked as they were supposed to, there would have been no trouble with steaming.

I doubt that the saving in pusher-crew wages ever paid for losses due to high maintenance and rather low availability. All the giants were retired from service in the latter part of 1927, although scrapping did not occur until several years later. The 5014 was cut up in October, 1929, the 5016 in March, 1930—and the 5015 in February, 1933. Thus the service life of these centipedes was just a little longer than that of the average noble experiment, and a whole lot shorter than the 25- or 30-year age span of the conventional steam engine. ●

Collection of Harold K. Vollrath

Crew poses with the mighty Erie 2601 (Schenectady 1908) at Port Jervis, N.Y., in June 1911.

TRACKSIDE IN THE DIESEL AGE

By JIM EDMONSTON

Unit seen at paint shop, GM's EMD Division, McCook, Illinois, is now powering 4-car special train touring 75 cities as prelude to U.S. Bicentennial. The Union Pacific owns this model E9A 2400-hp loco.

THE *PREAMBLE EXPRESS*, an advance run for the American Freedom Train Foundation, came to Cincinnati, my home city, on July 22nd to check clearances, advise local officials of the *Freedom Train's* future visit, and line up layover sites for the *Freedom Train* itself, which will be a doubleheaded, 26-car super-special.

The *Preamble Express* consisted of U-23B No. 2312, borrowed from the Delaware & Hudson, and four ex-Reading cars which had recently been part of the Permacel business promotional train. Engine 2312 was painted red, white, and blue, with yellow lettering and cars to match. She displays no clue to her ownership other than the D&H shield outlined on her nose. Within the shield, the words "Preamble Express" replace the owner's logo. Tiny lettering on the pilot read "AFTX" for American Freedom Train Extra

The advance train was not open to the public, although it laid over in the Amtrak station in Cincinnati for three hours. While inspecting the exterior, I was surprised to meet Nancy Killoran, who, with a cheery smile, invited me aboard. Her husband, John, is the chairman of publicity and arrangements for the Foundation. He was then in the observation car conducting a high-level briefing for local politicians and the press.

In fact, as I swung aboard, the city's Mayor Berry was stepping off. You may remember John Killoran as a guiding light of both the Cass Scenic and Greenbrier railroads in West Virginia, besides being employed by the state's Department of Parks and Tourism. We met in 1958 on the now dieselized steam powered Buffalo Creek & Gauley when we were both photographing the 2-8-0's then in operation.

Nancy is a delightful hostess. She filled me in on timely facts. From her I learned that the *Preamble* took to the rails on July 8th over the route to be followed eventually by the *Freedom Train.* After leaving Cincinnati it headed toward Louisville over the L&N and then went to Indianapolis via Penn Central, and after that over the N&W (old Nickel Plate and Wabash) to Detroit. It is a tough job to find adequate facitilites for the long (estimated 2500 feet) *Freedom Train* as well as parking space for 2,000 to 3,000 people per day. Most large stations and team-track areas present problems.

"The *Freedom Train,*" said Nancy, "will consist of two ex-Nickel Plate Road 2-8-4's—Nos. 763 from Roanoke, Va., and 755 from Conneaut, Ohio, plus water canteens for both, and 26 cars displaying historical documents from the National Archives and the Smithsonian Institution. Of course, it will be open to the public and will stay "on location for a week at a time".

Guided by the *Preamble's* schedule, it should be in Cincinnati next June and then go to Louisville, Indianapolis, and Detroit, in that order. I hear that the *Freedom Train's* national tour will end July 4, 1976, in Washington, D.C., with a gala celebration.

The interior of the *Preamble Express* re-creates a view of the 18th Century. It has no conventional seats, but a collection of early American high-back chairs, couches, tables, etc. The "gas" lamps that illuminate it hang from the ceilings but are electrically operated. Rich-looking heavy draperies adorn the windows. Special lighted effects on the walls advertise the *Freedom Train.* The four cars are illuminated and cooled by a separate generator housed in the baggage compartment of the first car, which is a combine.

The rest of the car is a coach-lounge, with waiters in white coats serving coffee and sugary pastries to the dignitaries. The cars are lettered "Preamble Express," but bear Lancaster & Chester Railway heralds. The L&C is known as the "Springmaid Line." My thanks to charming Nancy Killoran for a preview.

MOST OF YOU fellows who live near an Amtrak long-distance route will probably notice the new SDP-40F's in increasing numbers. Delivery began in April, and 110 units had shown up as July ended. Best roads to see them on are the Santa Fe. Burlington Northern, Seaboard Coast Line, Illinois Central Gulf, and PC. What is not generally known is that Amtrak also has ordered GE units—25 of the new model P30GH, with a full-width body like a "cowl" unit—for delivery late this year and early in 1975. I understand that our *James Whitcomb Riley* schedule here in Cincinnati is last on the list for new locos.

CHESSIE SYSTEM (B&O side) is trying out a new warning device on four GP-40-2's. Units 4145-4148 are equipped with Strobe lights on the cab roofs, tied to the horn and bell system. As an engineer approaches a grade crossing he sounds his horn, and the lights flash. I have not seen this system in operation, but have looked at the units. Each one has a round "pillbox" on top of the cab and small vertical lights on the corners.

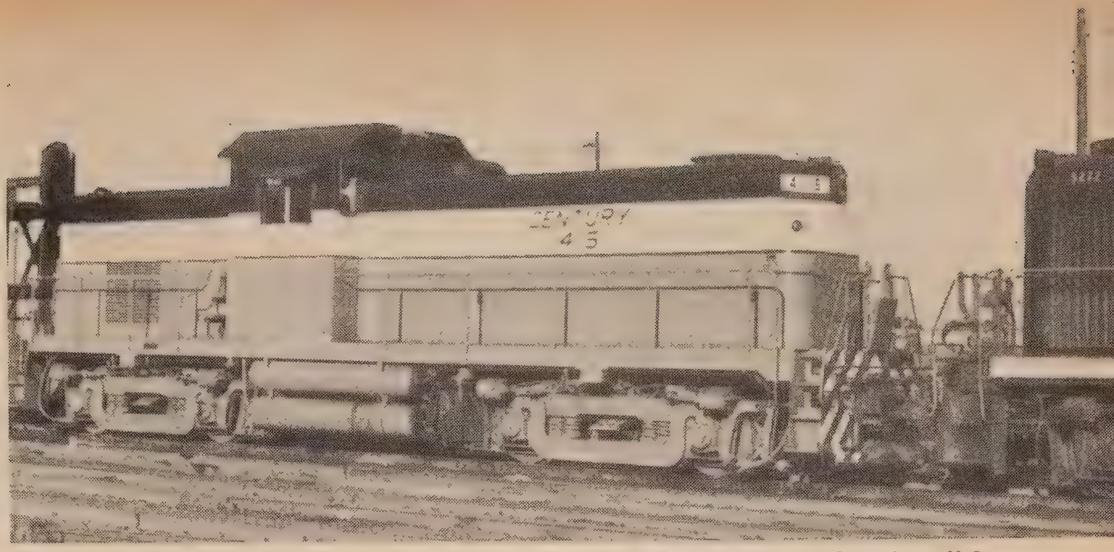
I learn from John Conroy, 924 Prestwood Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21228, that Western Maryland trains in his area use many B&O units, mostly older GP-9's and F-7's. The grain trains helping to export Russian

wheat from Port Covington are the prime users of such power. Other units seen on these trains include C&O GP-40 No. 3780, Norfolk & Western 208, 2892, 1555, and 1613, and three Reading Alco Centuries, including C-630 5303. The Western Maryland has another new Chessie System paint scheme, this time on GP-9 No. 36, the second unit repainted.

Vandals jimmied a switch lock at Ilchester, Md., on the B&O's old mainline and threw an eastbound coal train into a siding, partly destroying GP-40-2 No. 4157, GP-40 No. 4040, and GP-9 No. 6598.

Total damage is estimated at $500,000. The B&O's rumored new order for locomotives surfaced in the *Baltimore Sun's* mention of 72 units.

CANADIAN BLOCKBUSTER: An Ottawa news item from Bruce Chapman says CP Rail will electrify "out West" if the Canadian Government does not nationalize the system (a serious threat made in midsummer). Power would be 50,000 volts, with sub-stations every 30 to 40 miles. CP Rail, of course, is fighting nationalization. Increased business finds many leased units on CP, including those from Bangor & Aroostook, Bessemer & Lake Erie, Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, Boston & Maine, United Railway Supply, and Precision National Co. Meanwhile, Canadian National has ordered another 25 GP-38-2's, numbered 9506-9530.



Alco C-415 demo 415 went to Hammersley Iron Mining in Australia when U.S. demonstrating tour ended in 1968. Note mid-height cab and standard AAR B trucks. Shown in the NYC yard at Sharonville, Ohio.

Photograph by Don Dover

ACCORDING to John Beach, 6731 Westwood St., SW., Massillon, Ohio 44646, the Precision National GP-9 No. 1703, which I reported going through Cincinnati in April, has been working on the Akron & Barberton Belt RR. since at least June 8th. Also here are PNC GP-7's numbered 1503 and 1508, which have been on the "Belt" since before February 18th; in February the Erie Lackawanna RS-3 No. 1026 was on the property, evidently replaced by 1703.

Since the demise of Baldwin switchers and the ex-Pennsy RS-3, the A&BB has been using a variety of leased power, including Akron, Canton & Youngstown FM's, N&W GP-9's and RS-3's, EL RS-3's, and now the Precision units.

CLAREMONT & CONCORD No. 9, 600 GE 70-tonner, was sold to the Belfast & Moosehead Lake in Maine. It had been stored at the Montpelier & Barre shop in Montpelier, Vt., and used as a backup engine for the Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington's 44-tonner 32, operating the Rock of Ages Co. tourist train at their Graniteville, Vt., quarry.

C&C 9 was originally Sanford & Eastern 9, built in 1949, builders number 30185, left Montpelier on 5/14/74. Several 70-tonners are at Montpelier, both those of the St. Johnsbury & Lamoille County and the Montpelier & Barre's 22. The last-named unit has a blown piston sticking through the block and must be re-engined for future use. SJLC locos are

Doug E. Cummings photo, X2200 South collection

SP&S 101, now BN 4011, in Vancouver, Wash., in '69, had mid-height cab and hi-adhesion trucks.

similarly derelict, reports Elwin K. Heath, 21 Hilltop Ave., Barre, Vt. 05641.

GREAT PLAINS RAILWAY of Superior, Nebr. made its first run from Superior to Nora, Neb. on June 27th. The 12-mile haul moved 18 empty boxcars for grain loading. Ira P. Schreiber, one of the road's directors, who lives at 4100 Fran Ave., Lincoln. Neb. 68516, tells me also that his road acquired all three remaining Baldwin VO-1000 switchers from the Colorado & Wyoming, of Pueblo, Colo., plus enough spare parts to keep them running for 5 to 7 years. Units bought are 1106, 1107, and 1109. A photo of 1109, sent to me, shows it to be an eight-stacker Baldwin. Nos 1107 and 1109 in 12/43 for the C&W, with 1106 purchased from the U.S. Army in early 1960s.

PENN CENTRAL is applying the new paper air filters to GP-38's originally built with oil-bath filters. I saw the 7728 in Cincinnati the other day with a new filter box added. A small stencil on the side advertises American Air Filter products.

NEW POWER for Long Island? *Traffic World* on June 10th had a short note about John Massis, native of Belgium and former circus performer, pulling two LIRR passenger cars, each weighing 95 tons, a distance of 70 feet *with his teeth*! Of course, Timken roller-bearings make this possible. John, who does TV toothpaste commercials, also has moved four 42-ton freight cars the same way! A scheme to equip him with an AiResearch Turbocharger and lease him to Penn Central fell through, I was told, because he couldn't multiple with domestic units.

EXPECTED additions to and deletions from the two-year-old Alco HH roster I published in the July issue are coming in, such as:

United Electric Coal's 101, formerly at Canton, Ill., currently owned by Material Service Div. of General Dynamics and used as a stand-by unit at Romeo, Ill. is now red and yellow. No lettering or number, but old No. 101 coming through the new paint.

American Cast Iron Pipe, Birmingham, Ala., has retired and will scrap 101. A recent photo shows her pushed off the end of track. But 103 has just been repainted (6/74) a red, white and blue "patriotic" scheme such as N&W and SCL 1776. Old loco (3/37) looks fine. She's only one month younger than I am (2/37).

Federal Barge Lines 50 was sold to Vulcan Materials, was renumbered 4731, and now works at the Calera Ala., plant.

Walla Walla Valley had two units 770 and 775, (ex-NP 600 and 601). The 770 sold to Railco leasing a used loco dealer in Portland, Ore. Now works at Port of Longview in Washington. No 775 was sold for scrap to Simon Co. Tacoma, Wash., and was being cut up when last viewed on June 21, 1974.

American Grain's HH-600 was listed as not having a number, but has No. 2302 on both rear cab wall and front of hood. This, of course, is ex-ATSF number.

Tulia Grain Terminal (formerly Palo Dura Grain), Tulia, Texas, 2301, HH-600, ex-ATSF 2301 (second), is still in ATSF zebra stripes.

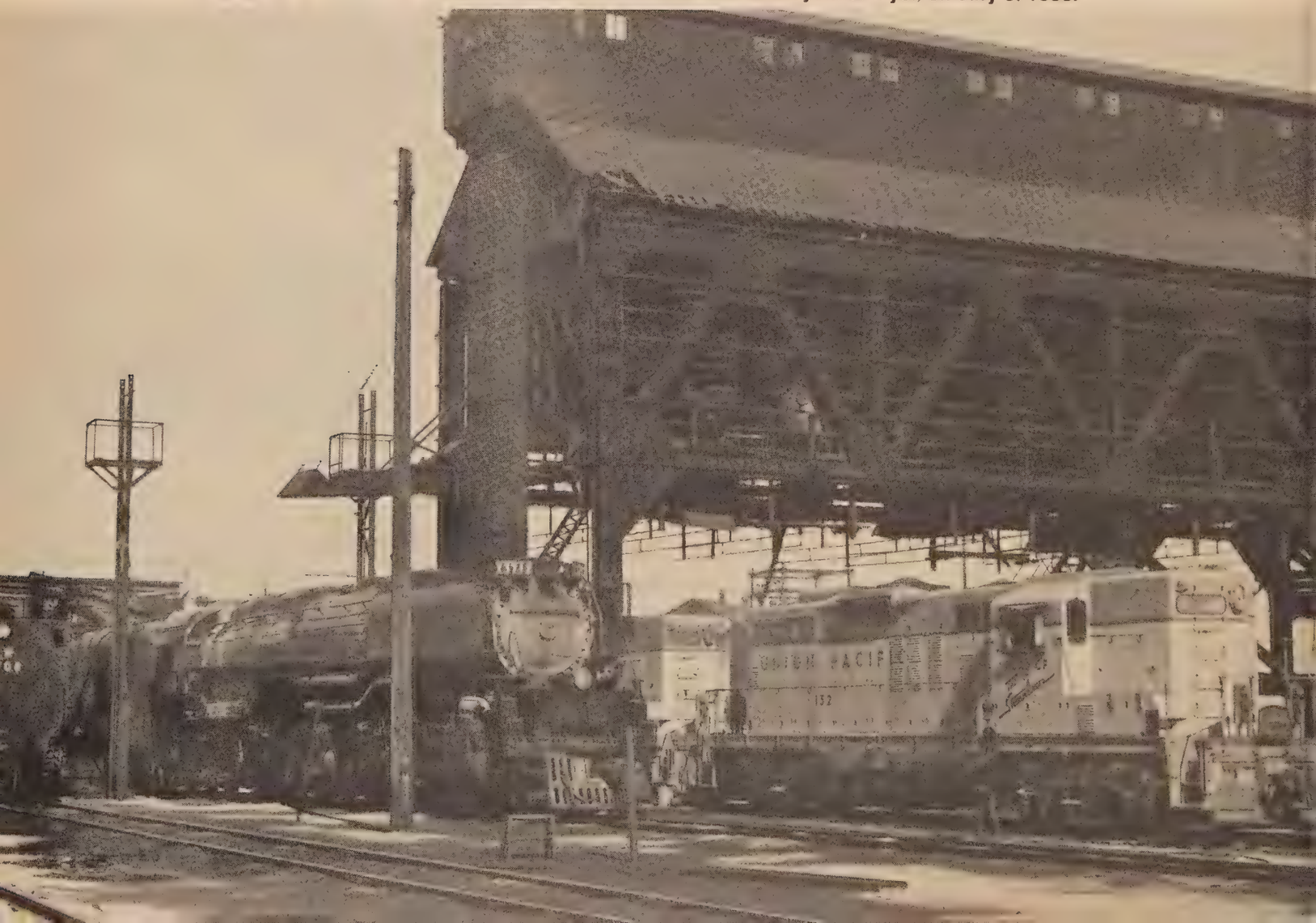
Southern Stone Co., an unnumbered HH900, works during summer only at Margerum, Ala.

Woodward Iron 65, HH-900, is stored stripped at Woodward, Ala.

Railco Leasing of Portland, Ore. has ex-Northern Pacific HH-660 No. 602 in lot, still intact.

Larry McMurtry, 1428 S. Shields St., Fort Collins, Colo. 80521

Diesel 152 and 4-6-6-4 steamer on Union Pacific terminal tracks at Cheyenne, Wyo., on July 5, 1959.



Loco 45 of the Lahaina, Kaanapali & Pacific at Lahaina station, Maui island, Hawaii, in Nov. '73.

Robert B. Stout, Box 816, Lakaina, Maui, Hawaii 96761

Relco Leasing (no relation to above), Joliet, Ill, has ex-Milw 980 (Relco 607) leased to First Miss, Inc., of Fort Madison, Iowa. X2200 South says Relco has seven HH's for lease.

For these revisions of the list I published, my thanks to Tom Lawson, P.O. Box 5343, Birmingham, Ala.; Jesse H. Cone, Rte. 1, Box 427-T-A-7, Anniston, Ala.; Robert R. Harmen, 1510 Crestmoor Dr.; Pueblo, Colo.; Dave Ingles of *Trains* magazine, and Dick Sievers of California. Also *X2200 South*.

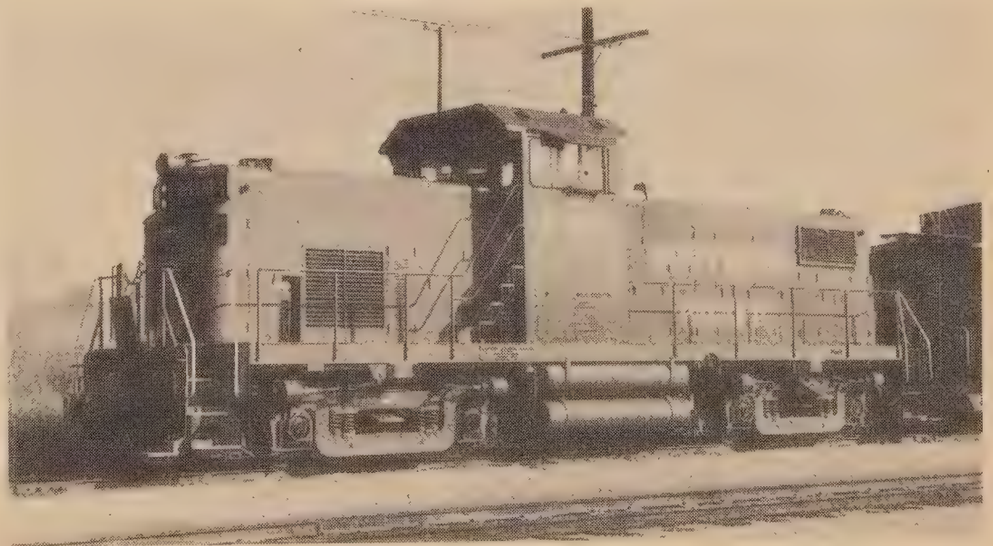
SOUTHERN EXPECTS TO TAKE ALL REMAINING FM Trainmasters out of service by next December, when three new GP-40-2's with steam boiler are delivered. These new Geeps, 3197-3199, will join ten SDP-45's, 3200, 3209, in commuter service. Arrival of the Amtrak SDP-40F's has released the Southern Pacific SDP-45's for this assignment. Thirteen newer units, plus the 11 boiler-equipped GP-9's, will be available for commuter service and obviate the need for Trainmasters.

Only three of the big "gravel-grinders" were in service as of mid-July—3021 (ex-FM demo TM-4), 3022, and 3031. All others are stored at Bayshore Shops in San Francisco, except the 3027, stored unserviceable at Sacramento since 1971, and the 3028, used as a braking booster (no power) at West Colton. The Bayshore units are classed "stored unserviceable," but could run again if present plans go awry. SP diesel deliveries due by the end of this year include the three GP-40-2's, seven MP-15's, 13 U-33C's, seven SD-40T-2 slave "masters," and seven SD-40T-2 slave "receivers." Next year SP will get a whopping bunch of MP-15's and more SD-45T-2's.

RAY HAKIM, 21 Clauss Ave., Paramus, N.J. 07652, says that a fatal wreck between Erie Lackawanna GP-7 No. 1233 and a Jersey Central RS-3 (believed to be 1703) will undoubtedly mean the end of the CNJ unit; but possibly EL will repair its 1233. Both locos are sitting disconsolately at EL's Croxton, N.J., yard awaiting investigation.

Naporano Iron & Metals continues to scrap Seaboard Coast Line's Alco road switchers. These are traded to few of them see Erie. Also at NI&M is Katy F-3A No. 73A. Ray says our item on the C-630 failed to point out that the last five ordered by Reading, 5307-5311, came with the new Hi-Adhesion trucks. He spotted the 5310. Adhesion trucks. He spotted the 5310.

THE WAR on inadequate locomotive inspection is still raging between the Federal Railroad Administration and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Figures as of May 1 show that the fleet of owned or leased diesels is up from 27, 416 last January 1 to 27,488 on May 1. However, the number of inspectors has remained static at 43. In an effort to recruit more men as inspectors, FRA is asking the Brother hood for



C-415 loco has extra-high (16-foot) cab and standard AAR B trucks.

Lou A. Marre photo, X2200 South collection

help, but has drawn up hair-splitting qualifications to exclude locomotive engineers! It seems that the men responsible for setting up the qualifications regard a locomotive engineer as primarily an operations man and not a mechanic! FRA wants people from the Mechanical Department (master mechanics, general car foremen, air brake supervisors, etc.) as inspectors.

However, the Brotherhood can show that railroad managements expect their engine-service men to be able to make a general inspection of their units before leaving the terminal and even perform minor repairs in case of road troubles. So, says BLE, why can't the men who are charged with safe operation of locomotives apply for inspector jobs?

ELECTRICS Penn Central GG-1 No. 4800 is now 40 years old, with some four million miles on her. She's been a freight-only service since the early Sixties and still rolling every day.

As an aftermath to the Milwaukee de-electrification in June, probable dispositions of some units is reported as follows: E50A/B going to National Museum of Transport in St. Louis, five "Little Joes" slated for Union Pacific re-wiring and testing, five others sold to Brazil, and two reportedly destined for the Chicago South Shore & South Bend. Last two Joes to operate were E20 and E73.

The first rails for the new Metro in Washington, DC., were taken under Union Station on June 26th. Plans call for the first 4.6 miles to be in operation and ready for testing by October 15th with a grand opening next summer.

ALCO PRODUCTS added a new model to its "Century" line of heavy road-switchers in 1966, a big 1500 hp center-cab design. The builder officially designated it a "utility locomotive," model C-415, or "Century series, four-motor, 1500 hp." Demonstrator Alco 415 took to the rails in attractive gray, white, and black in April, 1966.

The engine had a radical new look in that year. Actually, its design was a rehash of the ancient center-cabs of the 1930s, which had the prime mover under one hood and the auxiliaries under the other. The slightly off-centered cab afforded high-level collision protection and visibility. The loco itself looks like a rectangular block on four-wheel trucks, with a prominent cab and those ever-present Alco notches in the ends, which carry the number boards.

The sealed carbody with the Century-series, centralized, air-intake feature means almost clean hood sides. A small intake grill is high on the long hood, plus a larger one set low on the shorter end. The single stack emerges from the roof ahead of the cab and is ducted back under the leading roof edge of the cab in an L-shaped rectangular pipe. A circular radiator fan housing sits on top of the long hood. Air reservoirs, singly or in pairs, cover the squared fuel tank directly below the cab.

C-415 was offered with two styles of trucks and three different cab heights. Of the 26 units built, all but five roll on GE-equipped AAR type-B road trucks. The other five feature the 1967 Alco Hi-Adhesion trucks. A unit on the Monongahela Connecting road, No. 701, has the low, tight-clearance, industrial-type cab. Rock Island's ten units, demo 415, and two units for SP&S have the standard mid-height cab, while SP's ten units and one each on Chehalis Western and Columbia & Cowlitz have the extra-height, high-visibility, "control-tower" cab.

The unit featured an 8-cylinder, turbocharged 251-F prime mover with 9x10½" cylinders, and was rated 1500 hp at 1100 rpm. Obviously, Alco did not consider it a switcher, as such, but tried to get it into the transfer, hump branch-line, and heavy-industrial markets.

Competition at the time was EMD's new line of 645-powered switchers, especially the SW-1500. Alco sold only 26 of the unique beasts. It is interesting to note that Montreal Locomotive works has not carried on the production of them, as it did with the larger Centuries.

C-415 was sold to six roads and one industry. All went west of Chicago except for one unit on the Monongahela Connecting Railroad in Pittsburgh, Pa. The demonstrator went to Hammersley Iron Ore Mining of Australia in June, 1968, making it the only C-415 to go overseas or even outside the U.S.

Both SP and Rock Island bought ten, RI being the first to order. "Rock" units work in the Chicago area and SP's in the Los Angeles area, especially in City of Industry, Calif. The two Spokane, Portland & Seattle units are now Burlington Northern 4010 and 4011. Weyerhauser Timber, Company's two Far Western roads, the Chehalis Western and the Columbia and Cowlitz, took one unit each. It had been rumored that SP&S would order four more, but it never did, SP&S itself is gone now. Here is a quick roster of C-415's, each entry designating the owning company, road number, type of cab, trucks, date built, and disposition, in that order:

Alco, 415, medium, AAR-B, 4/66, to Haammersley as No. 008 in June '68; CRI&P, 415-424, medium, AAR-B, 9/10/66, in service; Mon-Con, 701, low, HI-AD, 7/68, in service; SP&S, 100, 101, medium, HI-AD, 1112/68, to BN as 4010, 4011; SP, 2400-2409, high, AAR-B, 12/66, in service; Chehalis Western, 684, high, HI-AD, 7/68, in service; and Columbia & Cowlitz, 701, high, HI-AD, 11/68, in service.

OUR June department needs two corrections. Essex Terminal 106 isn't an Alco RS-3 but an Alco C-420, ex-Lehigh & Hudson River 22. The two Alcan units mentioned, 26 and 27, are MLW models M-420TR, not the old Alco RS-27 demos as stated.

LATE NEWS. Norfolk & Western, a 14-state carrier, has ordered sixty-six 3,000-hp locos, costing $26.7 million, from GM's Electro Motive Division, to be built at McCook, Ill., and delivered during the first nine months of next year... Peabody Coal Co. has repainted a bright yellow one of the Trona Ry. Baldwin DT-6-6-2000's....That winds up our October consist, fellows. Please keep sending diesel news to my home: 821 Clearfield Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240. ●

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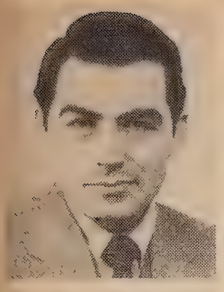


IN SEARCH OF STEAM

Mike Eagleson

Freight train, loco 1925, is being made up at Topton, N.C., where little Graham County Railroad connects with the Southern System.

Wayland L. Moore, 208 Shady Nook Court, Catonsville, Md. 21228

MEXICAN STEAM may again be pounding the rails in North America, according to Douglas Barron, 142 Stonington Hill Road, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. Niagara class 4-8-4 No. 3028, owned by the Great North Eastern Railroad Foundation and stored in a shed at Altamont, N.Y., is reportedly going to the Delaware & Hudson's Colonie Shops in nearby Albany for overhauling. I hope the road will use the 1946 Schednectady-built engine for company-sponsored excursions.

PENNSYLVANIA'S East Broad Top Railroad at Orbisonia is offering for sale its two standard gage switchers, long-stored in a barn in Mt. Union: Baldwin-built 0-6-0 No. 6 of 1907 and 0-6-0 No. 3, also a Philadelphia product. Both have been badly stripped by vandals, but could possibly be made operable again. The older one sports a tall stack, while the other features a slope-back tender.

PROMONTORY Chapter NRHS, Utah, is now restoring their 0-6-0 Vulcan No. 5, writes member Stanley Jennings, 51 8th East, Salt Lake City, 84102. This steamer is parked at the old airport with several ex-Southern Pacific passenger cars. The club needs 104 replacement flues and offers a pass to any family that donates $10.50 or more. They hope to have the engine running this fall.

TWO abandoned steam locomotives are hidden in the northermost reaches of Maine at Allagash Wilderness Waterway. Formerly of the Eagle Lake & West Branch Railroad, they daily hauled wood 15 miles to Umbazooksus Lake, Who can send me a photo and give more details?

SPEAKING of engines which have dropped out of sight, who knows the whereabouts of ex-Morehead & North Fork's 0-6-0 No. 12. This former Southern engine was on the property in the early 1960's when the railroad dieselized.

CALIFORNIA'S Camino, Cable & Northern at Camino has closed down and many of its collected locomotives and cars are being scattered around the U.S. For example, ex-Westside Shay No. 4 is now at the Colorado Central near Golden, Colo. Former Oahu Sugar No. 7 is back in Hawaii for use on a tourist road. Ex-Alaskan engine No. 2 and a Porter-built Mogul No. 3 will be shipped back to Pittsburgh, Pa. (Who knows where they will eventually go in Pennsylvania?) The fate of the former Diamond & Caldor Shay No. 6, and Lake County Heisler No. 5 is uncertain. Ex-Sacramento Brick Works 0-4-t No. 1 will be kept.

No. 10, ex-Texas & Pacific No. 610, now at Federal Center in Fort Worth, Texas, may pull the American Freedom Train through the Southwest in 1976. So says the Fort Worth Star Telegram. Owned by the 601 Historical Foundation the big Texas type may soon be restored to opearting condition. According to Dave Pearson, one of the Foundation's 6 members, she may steam through New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, and possibly Kansas, I'd like to be kept informed on latest developments of this giant engine. If she runs, she will rank with the Union Pacific's 4-8-4 No. 844 as the largest steamers operating in the world!

LONG displayed at the Roanoke Transportation Museum in Virginia, ex-Nickel Plate 2-8-4 No. 763 has arrived in the Jersey Central's Elizabethport car shops. This Berkshire will be overhauled to pull the American Freedom Train across the United States. Sister 2-8-4 No. 755 is expected to join her from Conncaut, Ohio, in celebrating the 200th Birthday of our nation. This may well be to the greatest and longest steam event ever, even topping the High Iron Company's 1969 Golden Spike Centennial Limited.

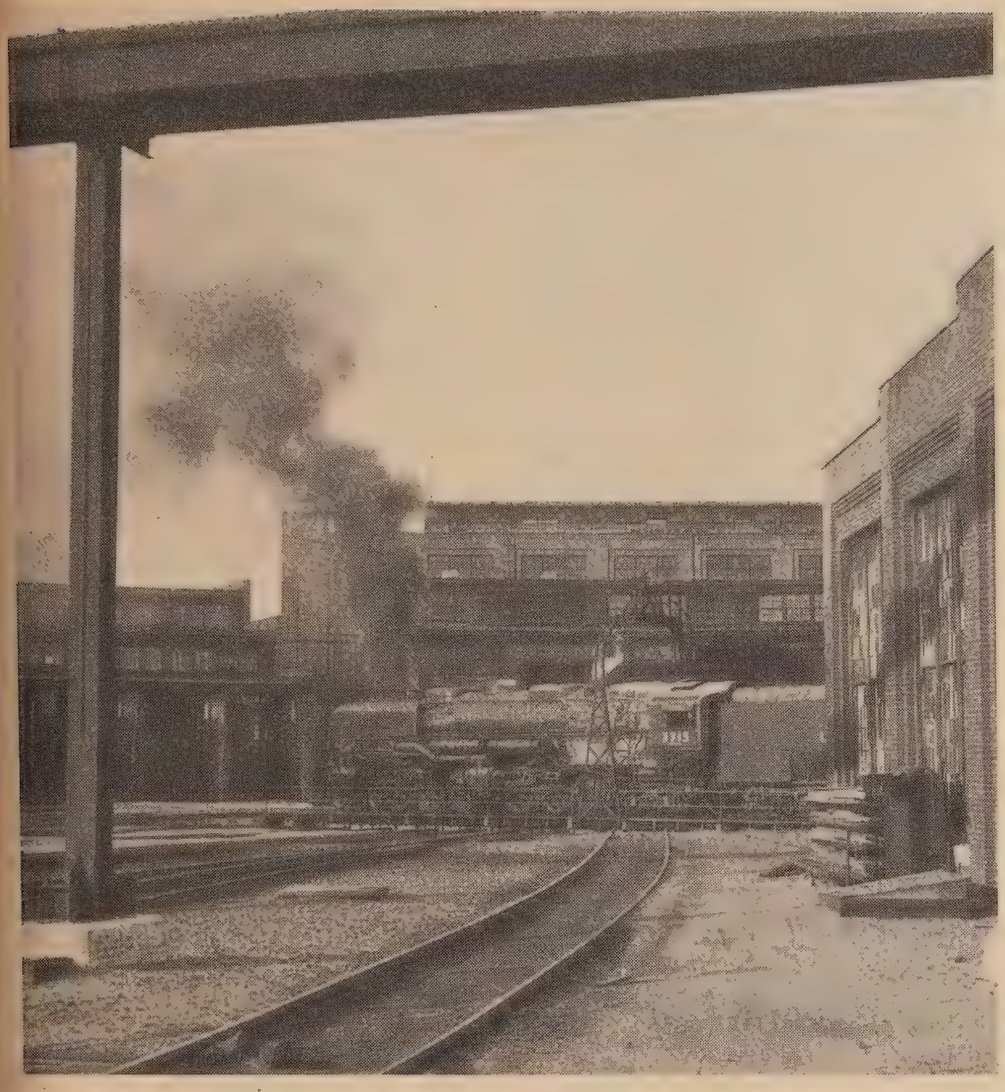
THE MALLET LOCOMOTIVE, by A.E. Durrant, 144 pages, 9¾x7¼", hard cover, David & Charles, South Devon House, Newton Abbot, Devon, Na. 3521, England, $3.75. This book is a good description, text and illustrations of the best of over 5,000 Mallets built throughout the world. (More than 3,000 of them built in the U.S.) "Dusty" Durrant, no newcomer to the steam locomotive history field, traces the origin of the Mallet and describes its technical development around the globe. Unorthodox designs, with pertinent data, also are shown. Judged on the basis of the quantity manufactured, the Mallet may well be acclaimed the most successful of all articulated steamers, including the Garrett.

READING LINES: A PICTORIAL REVIEW, by Edward F. Gardner, Box 847, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18703, 100 pages, 8½'11, soft cover, $5. Rare timetables from the Philadelphia & Reading, as well as old postcard views of trains, stations, and equipment, plus fascinating scarce material make this an enjoyable book, especially for RDG fans. I particularly like the period ads for trains and the timetable covers featuring steam power which fill this work. The reproduction is good, but as in the other books in the Gardner Series, I wish an index or table of contents was included for easy reference.

BERKSHIRE ON BLUE RIDGE, 12', 33 1/3 LP steam record, 55 minutes, 8-page color photo album, Pilot to Tender Recording Co., c/o L.V. Brown, distribuoor, Garner, Iowa 50438. $5.77. Features the third album of ex-NKP No. 759 in passenger and freight runs. Included are run bys on the last trip of the Pocahontas, hauling tonnage to Roanoke, and great stack-talk on the Erie Lackawanna. The package includes the most

Eastbound Pennsy coal drag with engine 4523, a few miles west of Shamokin, Pa., on Aug. 23, 1957.

Gordon S. Crowell, General Electric S.A., Casilla de Correo 360, Montevideo, Urugua



Larry McMurtry, 1408 S. Shields St., Fort Collins, Colo. 80521

Union Pacific 4-6-6-4 No. 3715 at Cheyenne, Wyo., on July 5, 1959.

elaborate color record jacket (8 pages). I have ever seen, with spectacular action shots and night studies. An excellent value, even for the jacket alone!

NKP BERSHIRES IN THEIR PRIME, color 8mm movies, 175', $20.50; regular 8mm, $18.50; Sunday River Productions, P.O. Box 565, Concord, Mass. 01742. If you like Nickel Plate Bershires—and who doesn't?—you'll rave over this regular service color film of them on coal drags and symbol freights, shot by veteran rail photographer Gerald Carson in the late 1940's and early '50's. You'll see them working hard, at rest, and even switching. A double Reading sequence and a view of an NKP Hudson on a passenger train make an exciting reel. I especially enjoyed the pacing shots of the drivers and rods taken from a paralleling track speeder. ●

Mike Eagleson does not work in our office. To save time, send steam mail directly to his home, 37 Edgemere Avenue, Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856.

BOOKS of the RAILS

by GORTON T. H. WILBUR

ERIE PICTORIAL REVIEW, 100 pages, 8½x11", plastic bound, soft cover, photos, timetables, maps, roster; published by the author, Edward F. Gardner, 22 Garden Ave., Mountain Top, Pa. 18707, $5 postpaid.

Ed is a guiding light of the popular timetable Collectors Club and has put together a "must" for Erie fans. His book includes a photo of the oil-lamped Camelback *Michael Fritz* at Honesdale in 1900 and complete reproduction of a scarce old Erie Wyoming Division employes timetables with rules, regulations, schedules, etc. Also shown are maps, timetables, an early equipment roster, and old postcard station views. Nach, Ed wouldn't overlook pix, timetables, brochures, etc., of the *Erie Limited's* initial run on June 2, 1929. All in all, it's a richly documented book.

RENAISSANCE 6060, by Lorne Perry and S.S. Worthen, 37 pages, 6x9" slick paper, with soft cover, photos, text; Canadian Railroad Historical Assn. Publications, Box 148, St. Constant, Que., Canada JOL 1X0, $1.75.

A readable account of the worthy successor to one of my old favorites, CNR 6218. Bullet-nosed *Betty*, celebrating her 30th birthday this year, has come out of the vastness of Canadian National's western region to haul special excursions where the old coalburning Mountain type left off a couple of years ago. 6060 is an oilburner which had been on exhibit at Jasper, Alta., since 1962. Returning to eastern Canada, she received her first recent fire in Sept. '73, to pull what has been and is a busy special "varnish" schedule. The account of her early days in Ontario hauling the name trains, being converted to oil and western running, losing her conical nose, being displayed in Jasper, and returning to passenger glory, with the nose put back, is all in this new booklet, adequately compiled.

THE LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RY. Vol. 2, GROWTH AND CONSOLIDATION, by R.A. Williams, 383 pages, 5½x9", hard cover, photos, maps, roster; David & Charles, North Pomfret, Vt. 05053, $17.50.

The second of three volumes by this author takes the L&SW story into the 20th century, through an era of internal growth and invasion of broad-gage territory, looking particularly into the London, Portsmouth, Southhampton, Bournemouth, and Plymouth areas. British steamship fans will like the visibility given to the old steam packets and ship routes.

HOLLYWOOD IN THE MOTHER LODE, by Larry Jensen, 36 pages, 5½x8½", paperbound, text, photos, map; L.S. Publications, Box 6143, Burbank, Calif. 91505, $1.50.

The railroad's romantic part in winning of the West has long been a pet subject of feature movie producers. This booklet deals with the role played by the Sierra Railroad, located about 100 miles east of San Francisco in the fabled Mother Lode country. Just about every type of scenery shown in typical Hollywood westerns can be found along its 57-mile route. The first motion picture made on the road is believed to be *County Chairman,* a 1923 Fatty Arbuckle comedy. The first talkie filmed outdoors was the classic, *The Virginian,* with Gary Cooper, on the Sierra in 1929. Since then locos 3, of *Hooterville, Cannonball* renown, also Nos. 18, 28 and 34, with combo 5 and coach 6, have appeared in countless movies and TV shows. A good look at steam behind some popular movies.

HIGH IRON, 3rd edition: MAINLINE STEAM: 1972-'3, by Howard Pincus, 64 pages, 8½x11", soft cover, photos, text; Quadrant Press, Inc., 19 W. 44th St., Suite 707, New York, N.Y. 10036, $2.50.

Howard's latest *High Iron* effort is particularly good. The pictures, on slick paper, are sharp and compelling. There are, for example, excellent photos of ex-Reading 2102, Southern 4501, Nickel Plate 759, CNR 6060, and ex-CPR 136 and 1057 of the Ontario Rail Assn., made by the author, by our own Mike Eagleson, and by Jim Shaughnessy, J.J. Young, Jr., and Dennis Hetzner, all full of flavor.

HISTORY: PASSENGER TRAIN AND THROUGH CAR SERVICE, Pennsylvania RR., 1849-1947, by Douglas Wornum, editor and publisher, 76 pages, 8½x11", photo-offset, display ads, timetables; Owen Davies, Bookseller, 1214 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill, 60610, $5.

Doug Wornum, a member of R&LHS, has put in print a long overdue chronology and listing. It starts with the Pennsy's first run between Dillersville (now Lancaster) and Lewiston, Pa., away back on Sept. 1, 1849, and carries us through the glory years to the period 27 years ago when the rail passenger business began sliding downhill. This is a reprint of an almost-forgotten PRR Passenger Department report of 1947. It does not cover all named trains of the "Standard Railroad of the World," of which only one, the *Broadway Limited,* remains; but the material, in exact original form, is an interesting and authentic record. Thanks, Doug, for making it available to us.

Periodicals and Journals

Central Headlight, New York Central Historical Society, Charles M. Smith, president, 3 Princeton Rd., Strafford-Wayne, Pa. 19087. Excellent 8½x11" slick paper newsletter with good photos, maps, diagrams, rosters, published three times a year for members.

The Bulletin, edited by Wm. F. Rapp, photos, maps, diagrams, Railroad Station Historical Society, 430 Ivy Ave., Crete, Neb. 68333. For $3 a year you can join this fine organization and receive their always interesting journal, published six times a year.

Brass Pounders Gossip, edited by Harwell E. West, published bimonthly by Toledo Morse Telegraph Club, 102½ Rosalind Place, Toledo, Ohio 43610. A $3 club membership gets you this 8-to-10-page periodical carrying flavor of old boomer days of Morse, smoke, and steam. •

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The books are available only by mail. *Railroad Magazine Book Service*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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THE GREAT TRAINS, Bryan Morgan	$35.00	($33.25)

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

IT WAS bound to happen. Having waded through names of several hundred railfan clubs, museums, tourist lines, etc., since early in the year for June publication, we inadvertently omitted a few. Those left out are just as important to their members and followers as groups that appeared in print. Additions are: Bear Creek R.R., Box 377, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771, 5 miles, standard gage, steam (operates over Graham County R.R.); Crab Orchard & Egyptian R.R., 514 N. Market St., Marion, Ill. 62959, 14 miles, std. steam; Steam Associates, Inc., 190 Broadway, North Attleboro, Mass. 02760, and Railfans of Indianapolis, newsletter "Railfan Rambles," 1510 Bruner, Greenfield, Ind. 46140.

Corrections: Chicago & North Western Historical & Technical Society, not C&NH. Another is Maricopa Live Steamers, c/o Roger Netz, 6202 S. 6th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85041.

Jim Seacrest of North Platte, Neb., says there is no Buffalo Bill Ranch R.R. It is Nebraska Midland, 3-ft. gage, and owns the last F&CC n.g. coach known to exist; also a 2-8-0 No. 69, ex-WP&Y, ex-BHC.

Dick Elvey of Texas Transportation Museum, San Antonio, reports the Balcones & Hill Country R.R. was discontinued this year, due to poor track conditions. While most of its equipment has been disposed of, loco TTM No. 1 and Veracruz oper bench trolley are on static display in San Antonio. Current plans, says Dick, call for eventual development of a 25-acre site in Northeast Preserve, a new park located just north of the city's airport, where the Espee's old Converse station is located. The museum bought it from SP and moved it to the present area some time ago. TTM folks are still optimistic about some day having an operating railroad museum, and want to get either local active or corresponding members from among *Railroad Magazine* readers.

According to Hank Sommers, veep, Susquehanna Valley Chap. NRHS, their club calls Binghamton, N.Y., home with meetings on the second Thursday each month. Ray Hakim tells us about Bergen County Railfan Society, 21 Clauss Ave., Paramus, N.J. 07652.

David W. Read, 3587 Jonathan Circle, Augusta, Ga. 30906, says: "Since there was no group dealing with the Southern Ry., we have set-up the Southern Ry. Hist. Society to cover not only that road but also its subsidiaries (Central of Georgia, Norfolk Southern etc.), as well as predecessor lines. Anyone wishing info on the Society can get it from me; send SSE."

Pat Coughlin tells us about another new group, the Katy & Frisco Hist. & Tech. Assn., which encourages the preservation of written records, photos, and artifacts of the two rail systems. Membership is open to anyone. They plan to be a real historical source of both roads' operation and publish a monthly newsletter and a quarterly journal. Incidentally, Pat is veep of the club. Contact Secretary-Treasurer, Katy & Frisco Historical & Technical Assn., 11008 Aledo, Dallas, Texas 75228.

RAILROAD MUSEUMS throughout the country, we read in the Wash. D.C. Chap. NRHS newsletter, *The Timetable*, are either operating museums, tourist lines, or static displays of equipment. But the Horseshoe Curve Chap. NRHS has a different approach to rail history in its Railroaders' Memorial Museum.

"Our main theme," says their newsletter, *Coal Bucket*, "is to memorialize the railroader rather than the railroad. As the Pennsy (Penn Central) is the major local industry, its influence, no doubt, will predominate. However, since people

Southern Pacific telegraph operator Sue Morehead hoops up a train order to engr. Earl Smith at Stockham, Ariz., on Tucson Division.

are associated with it, the railroader is to be primarily remembered."

"The group is soliciting charter memberships at $3, payable to Railroaders' Memorial Museum, Inc., Box 1361, Altoona, Pa. 16603. They'll send a bunch of area rail nostalgia with your membership.

WESTERN PACIFIC 4-6-0 94, shown in recent WP *Milestones,* is stored in Oakland awaiting permanent display in the California State Railroad Museum in Sacramento, alongside various old Railway & Locomotive Historical Society equipment, when the museum opens in 1977. The 94 hauled the first passenger train between Gerlock and Oroville through Feather River canyon on Nov. 21, 1910. The new *Mileposts* editor, Paul Gordeneu, is affiliated with various California historical societies.

CHICAGO'S Rail City Special program time has been changed to 7 p.m. each Sunday over WOJO-FM. Ray Arpan of North West Ill. Chap. NRHS remains the show's genial host.

THE MULTI-COLORED autumn foliage in New England is enchanting, especially in Vermont. A good Place to visit right now is Steamtown, U.S.A., just north of Bellows Falls in Riverside, our current museum selection. This Nelson Blount legacy is a non-profit educational foundation, chartered in 1962, and the home of the world's largest and probably finest collection of steam locos.

Arrayed around the giant 90-foot working turntable are, among others, ex-Union Pacific Big Boy 4012, ex-Meadow River Lumber Co. Lima-built Shay No. 1, ex-CNR 4-6-4T No. 47, ex-IC Mogul No. 109, ex-CP Ten-wheeler No. 1098, and the *Prince of Liege,* oldest loco in the collection, built in Belgium in 1877. In all, 28 engines are on display. On adjacent tracks you can see three elegant old frame passenger cars. Also on the grounds are steam fire engines, rollers, shovels and old-time stationary machinery, all part of America's once-great love affair with steam.

Weekends from May to late October, daily all summer, an ex-CP Pacific hauls coaches over the old Rutland tracks from Riverside to Chester, Vt., round trip. Museum grounds are open daily. Adults, $4.50; children 5-11, $2.75; under 5 free—all including a train ride and admission to exhibit area, movies, slide show, gift shop, picnic area, and parking.

"Friends of Steamtown," their preservation membership, has six classes. (1) Regular annual $10 gets one free admission ticket. (2) Annual family $25, two free tickets plus 10% admission deduction for each family member. (3) Annual corporate $100, ten tickets. (4) Silver pass $100, life museum member, free entrance to museum area. (5) gold pass $250, life member with free train-riding and museum privileges. (6) A special membership donation. All members receive a card and the quarterly *Steamtown News,* Contact Steamtown Foundation, Box 71, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101.

THE TITLE of a new 12-page booklet is *How the MATCH System Works.* MATCH is an acronym for Mileage Allowance Trip Check, a computerized accounting system offered to all lessees as a free service. The booklet is available free from Union Tank Car Co., 111 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60604.

ENGLAND HEARD FROM. My hobby is collecting old railway picture postcards. Early-day trains and railway stations played a big part in marking systems. Some postmark names are not listed in standard AA type books. Could anyone help me obtain an early edition of the *Commercial & Railway Gazeteer,* listing the early small stations?—F. Pilborough, 96 Eastwood Rd., Boston, Lincolnshire, England.

THE STATE OF NEVADA has purchased ex-Virginia & Truckee No. 18 *Dayton* and No. 22 *Inyoe* both Eight-wheelers, from Paramount Immobiliare for $75,000 each. Both locos are currently on display at the Gold Spike Historic Site, Promontory, Utah, and there they will remain until 1976 in a joint program with the National Park Service. Last year some $95,000 came from the Nevada Legislature and $55,000 from the National Historic Preservation Act program administered by the National Park Service.

JOE FROST, a retired mechanical supervisor for CP Rail in Calgary, spent 30 years building a model CP loco, 5900 series. He worked on such minute details as six hinges for a water-tank cover measuring a fraction of an inch, and miniature removable seats, upholstered in real leather, for the engine crew. So authentic is the model that it shows the brass tubing, which controls the multiple throttle, running from the cab to the engine front to admit steam to cylinders. The 5900 series worked the tough Revelstoke Division in the West. Joe lives in Swift Current, Saskatchewan.

EDGAR T. MEAD, of Hanover, N.H., who headed Steamtown, U.S.A., has been named Director of Public Transportation for New Hampshire.

BILL McKENZIE, past president of Colo. Midland Chap. NRHS and former *Colorado Springs Sun* reporter, is being congratulated by Rocky Mt. railfans for his appointment as communications coordinator for the 1976 Colorado Centennial-U.S. Bicentennial program. Bill is a former editor of the club's fine newsletter, *Colorado Midland Rails,* and was recently elected to CM's 1974-'75 board of directors. ●

THE SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 15¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum wordage), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, or provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

RAILROAD MAGAZINE, 1930s to date; other rail magazines, and all sorts of railroadiana. Send 10¢ stamp for list. David Nestle, RD #2, Greenwich, N.Y. 12834.

FOR SALE: Indian Lake parlor car in running condition, with kitchen and two baths. Great for collector or for private use as a cottage or a place to entertain clients. Also a caboose in good condition; ideal for a guest house or cottage. 10 stainless-steel swivel tilt-back railroad chairs $100 each. Call 1-313-651-0092.

FOR SALE: thousands of duplicate copies of Railroad Magazine, all with all covers and all pages intact, no clipped copies. Prices include postage and packing. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Immediate refund for sold-out copies. Most issues available. Sept. 1937 to Dec. 1939 are $2 each; Jan. 1940 to Dec. 1949 are $1 each; Jan. 1950 to May 1952 and Dec. 1963 to July 1972 are 75¢ each. Order form Norm Metclaf, P.O. Box 1369, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

FOR SALE: Over 1,000 N.Y. City transit photos, 3x5 size. 5,000 others from all states, Canada, Mexico, Germany. Low prices. List, 25¢, SSE.—Ted Taetsch, 14218 Garfield Ave., Lakewood, Ohio 44107.

RAILROADS, TROLLEYS, Ferries, Autos, etc.—since 1953, good slides or photos for sale. Send 48¢ in stamps for lists—specify wants—to 35 slides, Box 6098, Colo. Springs, Col. 80934.

AMERICA'S Great new hobby: collect railroad date nails. Many RRs hammered attractive unique nails with year dates on head, to control wear of cross-ties. Varieties are fantastic over past 70 years. Short RRs will soon be picked. Will mail certified, post-paid: 16 varities $5; 35 varieties $10. All old, mounted, labeled, short RRs. Free info, one stamp. Join Texas DNCA—Forrest Morris, 142 East Front St., Hattiesburg, Miss. 39401.

FOR SALE: Railroadiana, including lamps, badgers, lanterns. Send SSE for list. Want Lackawanna and New York Central items. Dick Aichele, Box 184, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

LOCOMOTIVE SLIDES: roster/action. Fa's. Pa's, C-Liners, M420's—we've got them all. Send $1 for catalog and 2 samples. You will automatically receive all supplements to our rapidly growing catalog—The Rail Image, Dept. G-5, P.O. Box 289, Denville, N.J. 070834.

WANTED: Boston & Maine equipment diagram books dated around 1925-1928; freight, passenger and loco, original or copy, must be complete. Top cash—John Weston, Box 339, Wilmette, Ill. 60091.

COLLECTOR constantly purchasing baseball and football books, guides, world series programs, tickets, gum cards, and unusual momentos. Contact John Sullivan, 3748 North Damen Chicago, Ill 60618.

FOR SALE: Railray negatives and original slides. Mostly diesel, some steam and elec. Mostly eastern, some western—W.J. Brennan, 82 Devonshire Rd., Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009.

ARE YOU looking for original slides or negatives of steam, diesels, traction and mainline electrics? Rail Film Monthly has listings of these and locations for trainwatchers and photographers. Listings change with each issue of this bi-monthly magazine for railfans. Send 75¢ to RFM, P.O. Box 4676, San Francisco, Calif. 94103 for sample copy.

RAILROAD MAGAZINE for sale, complete set, March 1934 to date. Good condition, except few covers in 1934 missing. Best offer over $200.—Carl Ballard, 514 Reed St., Waycross, Ga. 31501.

HO, N, AND S GAUGERS, save money. Anything you need 35% off regular price. Send want list, with long SSE and 25¢, to Polar, P.O. Box 24121, Cleveland, Ohio 44124.

SELLING summary of Class One Railroad Steam Locomotives, 1957-1974; 22 pages, assignment and disposition information, 35 railroads, $2. Assignments and Mileage Santa Fe Steam Locomotives 1953-1957, $1—L.E. Stagner, 1402 West 5th St., Newton, Kansas 67114.

SETH BRAMSON, 8035 Cecil, Miami Beach Fla., 33141, buys, trades for anything FEC or predecessors, anything Florida. Buy rails, trolleyana in quantity. Sells selected items; fills want lists.

RAILROAD, trolleys, ferries, autos, etc.—since 1953, good slides or photo for sale. Send 48¢ in stamps for lists—specify wants—to 35-slides, Box 6098, Colo. Springs, Colo. 90834.

DIESEL AND STEAM negatives for sale on approval basis; state wants. SSE to Negatives. 40 Hendel Ave., North Arlington, N.J. 07032.

WANTED: ANY CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R.R. historical publications, timetables, annual reports, psgr. trains consists records, train booklets, postcard views, maps, folders, roster, passes, etc.—Alden Miller, 3212 34th Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

RAILROADIANA COLLECTORS BOOKS, large size, fully illustrated. Railroad Collectibles I (60 pages) $2.95. Railroad Collectibles II (104 pages) $3.95. Railroad cap badges (32 pages) $2.95. All material shown is available for sale. Prices are postpaid—Utberg Publications, Box 420, Edinburg, Texas 78539.

DIESELOVERS. Artists offers limited numbered sets of Erie Lackawanna diesel drawings, reproduced in sepia on fine 11x14" stock from original pencil drawings: F3, NW2, C424, RS2, $20 set. Eminently suitable for framing—Andy Romano, 3 Nightingale St., Edison, N.J. 08817.

SOLID METAL New York Central oval and Pennsylvania Railroad Keystone heralds for sale. Ten inches across, painted background, with raised letters, bright metal finish. For each herald send $15 to C.E. Catchpole, Dept. R, 19215 Eldridge Lane, Southfield, Mich. 48076.

I WANT anything on the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific or its predecessors like the Dutluth, Rainy Lake & Winnipeg. Working on book. Also interested in the KO&G, MV, OCA&A. Also pre-merger only CB&O, C&S, FW&D, WV, Will buy or trade Burlington Lines team and diesel negs. pub. and emp. tts., passes. List completely what you have. If you desire trade, send SSE—Jim Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood, Nort Platte, Neb. 69101.

FOR SALE: all-time catalog of interurban and street railway books and bulletins, North American editions, 63 pages, price $4. Also ideas and standards for HO trolley layouts, 8 pages, 85¢—R.F. Radway, 22495 Ray, Detroit, Mich. 48223.

COLOR ENLARGMENTS from your slide or negative, 8x10 size, $3.98. Additional prints from same negative $1 each. Add $1 for handling and postage—Lamplighter Color Labs, 433 Castleton Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

WANTED: RR books by Frank Spearman, Frank Packard, Cy Warman; also copy of last 4 pages of Lathrop's "Mystery Rides the Rails"—Chas. Albi, 460 Marion, Denver, Colo. 80209.

FOR SALE: complete nationally-known miniature railroad. One sixth full size (2-inch scale) 9-7/16 inch gage. Ruggedly built for hard use and long time. Excellent for research and development. Signals actuated by track circuit using Union Switch Signal equipment. Can also be used for hobby or profit. Automatic air brakes, one mile of track. 2 diesel type locomotives (2-½ ton and 1½ ton) equipped for MU operation or separated, can pull 200 adults. 31 steel underframe cars with fully sprung, equalized 4-and 6-wheel trucks. New forged steel wheels with hardened treads and Timken bearings. Price $66,500. Catalog with photos and technical information $5. Also many spare parts, tools, patterns, jigs, etc., not shown in catalog available at negotiated price. Subject to prior sale—Henry E. Becker, Centerville & Southern R.R. (Becker Farm), Livingston Ave., Roseland, N.J. 07068.

RAILROAD STOCK certificates catalog plus beatifully engraved certificate $2. Also eager to buy all rr. stock certificates and bonds—Ken Prag, Box 431-R, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250.

TRACTION MOVIES in regular 8 mm, 48-black-and-white subjects, covering 67 companies from coast to coast, and 8 color subjects coverign 12 companies, SSE for list. All films money back guarantee. Kaw Films, Box 155, Hays, Kansas 67601.

FOR SALE: railroad emblem watch fobs in colored porcelain, only $2.50 each; over 90 different. Stamp for free list. Also have bolo ties and belt buckles—Hoover's, 1208 Fruit, Peru, Ill. 61354.

ROGER ARCARA, 1432 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned cameras, sizes 120-620, 116-616, for big oblond negs. Details free.

RMS: UNIQUE GIFTS for everyone. Railroad jwerlry, tie bars, scatter pins, lariat ties, and key rings; drawings by Bob Lorenz. Our handy catalog available for $1 (refundable) to Repilca Mail Specialties, P.O. Box 2820, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017, Dept. RA.

FAMOUS ORIGINAL Ted Gay movies: one-of-a-kind collector's items from the golden era of railroading. Many roads are covered; steam, diesel, and electric locomotives; terminals, original color schemes, name-trains, trolleys, els, ferries. Large SSE for description—Henry Peterson, 61 Rayburn Rd., Millington, N.J. 07946.

RAILWAY NEGATIVES and original slides for sale. Mostly diesel, some steam and elec. Mostly eastern, some western—W.J. Brennan 82 Devonshire Road, Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009.

WANTED: people looking for a place to sell negatives or original slides of steam, diesels, traction and mainline electrics. All items listed free of charge to the sellers. For further information and sample copy of listing send 75¢ to RFM, P.O. Box 4676, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

LEARN AUCTIONEERING: my complete method, $8. Perry Auctioneer, Rte. 2, Chaffee, Mo. 63740.

ROGER TESKEY, 836 Elm Ave., Windsor, Ont., Canada, N9A 5H3, will trade excellent quality Kodak original 35mm slides of diesel locos from Windsor—Detroit area for other Canadian, U.S., or Mexican locos.

JOHN GARDNER, 520 Victoria Park Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada, wants to buy postcards of locos displayed U.S.A. or trade for same Canadian.

HAVE FOR TRADE match book covers, switch keys, wooden pencils, depot postcards. Also have for sale a few "NYC Headlight" emp. magazines. Stamp would help—Wayne Reedy, 1228 Congress, R3, Box 112, Middletown, Ind. 47356.

FOR SALE: Railroad Magazine, May 1969; present $.60 Trains, August '67; present $.60 Rail Classics, Nov. '72, present $1.50 Railway Magazine, May 1971, and June 1972, $.70—Charles Grabert, 170 Read St., Bridgeport, Conn. 06607.

WANTED: Texas steam locomotive lubrication recommendation chart. Please send condition and price—Louis Champlin, 57 Harmon Rd. Scotia, N.Y. 12302.

DIESEL PHOTOGRAPHS: AT&SF, B&O, B&LE, BN, C&O, MILW RD., C&NW, CRI&P, GN, NP, NYC, PC, PRR, and many other roads. Now included are cabooses. Send 10¢ for revised list to Lee Hastman, P.O. Box 97, Morton Grove, Ill. 60053.

ERIE RAILROAD fans will enjoy "A Pictorial Review: Erie Railroad," with 100 pages, soft over, plastic-bound—a book of real rare Erie material. No diesels. Rare views of Erie in early 1900's. See "The Michael Fritz" leaving Honesdale. Timetables, maps, old postcards, photos of station, train, right-of-way views, wrecks, and all, with money back guarantee if you're not entirely satisfied. Limited edition of only one thousand copies. Get your book now. Send $5 today to Ed Gardner, 22 Garden Ave. Mountaintop. Pa. 18707.

COMING EVENTS

(No charge for listing in this section)

Oct. 11-15: Yellowstone Special, all-Pullman train sponsored by Pacific RR Society, Los Angeles to Livingston, Mont., and return. Pacific RR Society, Box 2274, Mission Viejo, Calif. 92675.

Oct. 12: autumn foliage excur., historic Palais Station, Quebec City to Lac-Frontiere, near Maine border. 252-mile round trip, $5.90; lv. Quebec City 9:30 a.m., return 9 p.m., $16.90. Bus leaves Montreal 7 a.m. for train connection. Contact St. Lawrence Valley Ry. Society, Box 122, Station N, Montreal, Que., Canada

Oct. 12 and 13: Atlanta to Tocca, Ga. round trip behind 4501. Write to C.L. Harkleroad, Atlanta Chap. NRHS, Box 13132, Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

Oct. 12-13: Canadian steam fall spectacular; ex-CP 136 doubleheads with ex-CP 1057, Toronto to Owen Sound, via rugged Credit River Valley, clerestory-roofed coaches, photo run-bys. Fare, incl. overnight accomodations Owen Sound, $45. Contact Ontario Ry. Assn., Box 64, Brampton, Ont. L6V 2K7, Canada.

Oct. 12 & 19: Stratford, Ont., Festival Players, both days, Shakespeare play; lv./8:15 a.m., CNR's Walkerville, Windsor, Ont., station; return 9:20 p.m. $26 covers transportation, theater tickets, luncheon. Michigan RR Club, Box 526, Pontiac, Mich. 48056.

Oct. 13: fall foliage trip featuring ex-Reading 2102 over rugged Pittsburgh & Shawmut, Brookville to Kittannig, Pa., round trip. Lv. Brookville 9:30 a.m., return about 9 p.m. Adults $25, kids, $15. Details from Allegheny RR., Box G, Akron, Ohio 44305.

Oct. 13: Rock Island bike special to LaSalle, Ill., powered by last operating E6 No. 630 and orig. EMD E8 demo No. 643. Baggage cars for bikes, concession car, air-cond. coaches, Chap. car 7301. Lv. LaSalle St. Sta., Chicago, 8:30 a.m.; return 7 p.m., stops Blue Island, Tinley Park and Joliet for bikes and riders. $20 adults, kids 5-11, $14. Specify tickets with SSE to Geo. Adler, ticket manager, Blackhawk Chap. NRHS, Box 45, Chicago, 60690, or Rock Island RR., 139 W. Van Buren, Chicago 60605.

Oct. 19 & 20: Chattanooga to Crossville, Tenn., behind 4501, round trip. Contact Paul Merriman, Tenn. Valley Chap. NRHS, Box 44, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37401.

Oct. 19 & 20: Autumn open house on NH&I, unlimited operational rolling stock, doublehead steam trips with ex-CN 1533 and ex-Cliffside 40, buffet in dining car trips to Ivyland; also Sat. night train trip. SSE to Richard Roden, chairman, New Hope & Ivyland Chap. NRHS, 910 W. Cobbs Creek Pkwy., Yeadon, Pa. 19050.

Oct. 26: N.Y. Reg., National Assn. of Timetable Collectors' railroadiana bourse, tts., books, hardware, mags., pix. Red Bull Inn, I-84, Scott Rd., exit, Schraffts Drive, Waterbury, Conn. Contact Harold Brown, 100 Prospect Rd., Waterbury, Conn. 06706.

Oct. 26: Birmingham to Montgomery, L&N round trip with steamers 722 and 4501. Write Ralph Honeycutt, Heart of Dixie Chap. NRHS, Box 254, Birmingham, Ala. 35201.

Oct. 26 & 27: fall foliage doublehead steam, both days, Steamtown to Rutland, Vt., behind ex-CP 1246, 1278; capacity limited. Contact Steamtown Foundation, Box 71, Bellows Falls, Vt. 06101, or call 802 463-3937.

Nov. 2, 3: model railroad show; dealers, clubs, operation layouts; buy, sell. Hillside Ave. Jr. High School, Cranford, N.J., Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun., noon-6 p.m.

Nov. 9, 10: railroadiana flea market, all types, incl. model trains; buy, trade, sell. Elks Club ballroom, Mansfield. Write John Smith, Mansfield Model RR Club, 52½ N. Main St., Mansfield, Ohio 44902.

Nov. 10: New York Upstate Train Collectors Assn. show, Hennessey Hall, Schenectady. Write Mark Breslin, 148 Elmer Ave., Schenectady, N.Y. 12306.

Dec. 7-8: colorful pre-Christmas weekend on ex-Maine n.g. steam at Edaville RR., South Carver, Mass.; interesting side trips. Special bus from NY Port Authority on Sat., return early Sun. evening. Contact Geo. Basch, trip chairman, NY Chap. R&LHS, 85-35 143rd. St., Jamaica, N.Y. 11435.

Dec. 28: 2nd annual steam-in-snow doubleheader with two ex-CP Pacific G-5s, Bellows Falls to Rutland, Vt., round trip; capacity limited. Contact Steamtown Foundation, Box 71, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101, or call 802 463-3937.

PEN PALS WANTED

(No charge for listing in this section)

Dr. Claude Marceau (age 38), 6507 Marsol Rd., Cleveland, Ohio 44124, seeks pen pal interested in model railroading. Answers all letters.

Miss Lesley Wackett (age 10, daughter of British Rail senior clerk), 28 Leighton Rd., Hove BN3 7AE, Sussex, England, wants girl pen friend of similar age.

Al Oxley (age 280, 1004 Roseland Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. 49001, will correspond with anyone in Denmark or Sweden interested in railroads or photography who can read and write English.

Paul Jarmusz, 1680 Borden St., San Mateo, Calif. 94403, corresponds with fans who exchange rr. pix or slides.

Kathy Porter (age 24), 2221 W. Van Norman Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53221, will write to anyone over 35 who works for Milwaukee Road.

Jackeline Arriba, 461-A.F. Llamas St., Cebu City, Philippines.

Richard Sisson (age 15), 5033 8th Court South, Birmingham, Ala. 35212, wants to hear from railfanettes.

Mlle. Marie-Christine Gourmelen (age 14, daughter of former French RR. medical nurse), 20 rue Florian, 37000 Tours, France, wishes to write to girl of similar age living in England.

Seth Bramson. 8035 Cecil St., Miami Beach, Fla. 33141, corresponds with anyone having info. on Florida rail lines, especially FEC and its predecessors.

Mrs. Ira Craig, 806 Monroe St., Box 125, Montezuma, Ind. 47862, wants help in finding her widowed aunt, Flores K. Mankin, who was a telegraph operator at San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Miss Gudula Manayaga (age 23), Perrelos, Carcear J-314, Cebu City, Phillippines.

Jerry Mart, 2819 Lindsey Dr., Hopkinsville, Ky. 42240, is eager to contact knowledgeable railfans living in England.

Miss Willien Longsten (age 61), 680 15th St., Batesville, Ark. 72501.

Edwin R. Goin, 1611 Jackson Blvd., Tarrant City, Ala. 35217, wants to correspond with railfanettes.

R.L. Reedy, 2042 N. Taylor St., Arlington, Va., wants to hear from rr. policemen or anyone interested in such work.

Mrs. Rita Weare (age 42, wife of British Rail loco driver), 78 Gilbey Rd., Grimsby DN31 2RN, Lincolnshire, England, desires a pen friend of about her own age. Her daughter Angela (age 13), also wants a pen friend. Both answer all letters.

K.R. Davey, c/o Canadian National yard office, Prince Rupert, B.C. V8J 1A1, Canada, writing a book, wants to hear from anyone who worked or lived in Pacific, B.C., during period when town was founded as terminus of BC north-line until it succumbed to progress as the line pushed west to Prince Rupert. He seeks reminiscences, pix, clippings, etc.; all originals will be returned.

Mlle. Sylvie Poissonnet (age 13, inspector's daughter), 42 rue du Bonhomme en Pierre, 91000 Evry, France will correspond in English with daughter of a British Rail employe.

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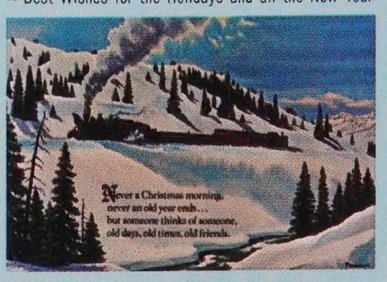


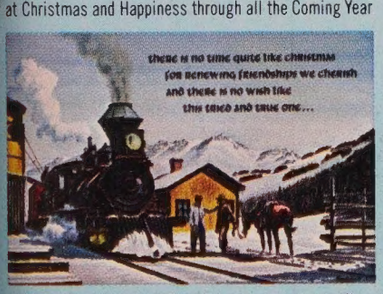
T810 The C. & S. On Top of the World—Happy Holidays and Best Wishes for the Coming Year

T808 The Wabash Cannonball—With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

T612 The Lackawanna Rolls East—With every good wish for Christmas and the New Year

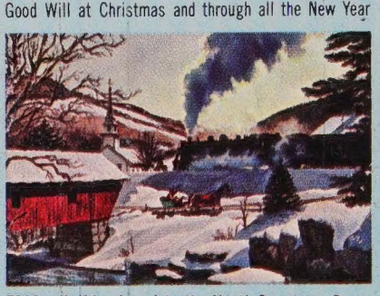
T408 Donner Pass on Christmas Day—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through all the New Year

T406 Christmas Eve in the Yards—May the Spirit of Christmas Abide with You Throughout the Coming Year

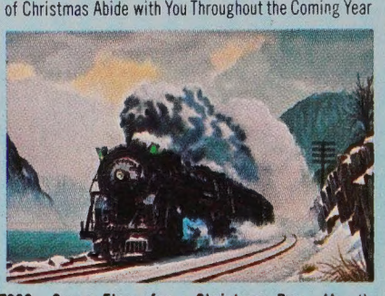

there is no time quite like christmas
for renewing friendships we cherish
and there is no wish like
this timed and true one...

1081 "Renewing friendships we cherish"—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

T807 Pride of the Northwest—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



T610 Holiday Local to the North Country—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through all the New Year

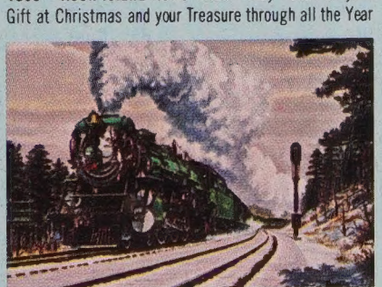


T803 Green Flags for a Christmas Run—May the meaning of the Season be deeper... this year

T925 Night Run in the Rockies—May the Spirt of Christmas be with you throughout the Coming Year

1083 Rock Island Rolls West—May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through all the Year

T509 Fresh Trees and Full Steam—With Best Wishes at Christmas and through all the New Year



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WITHOUT NAME	$2.75	$4.75	$ 7.15	$ 9.50	$14.00	$18.00	$22.25	$26.50	$35.00	$52.00	$84.50
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